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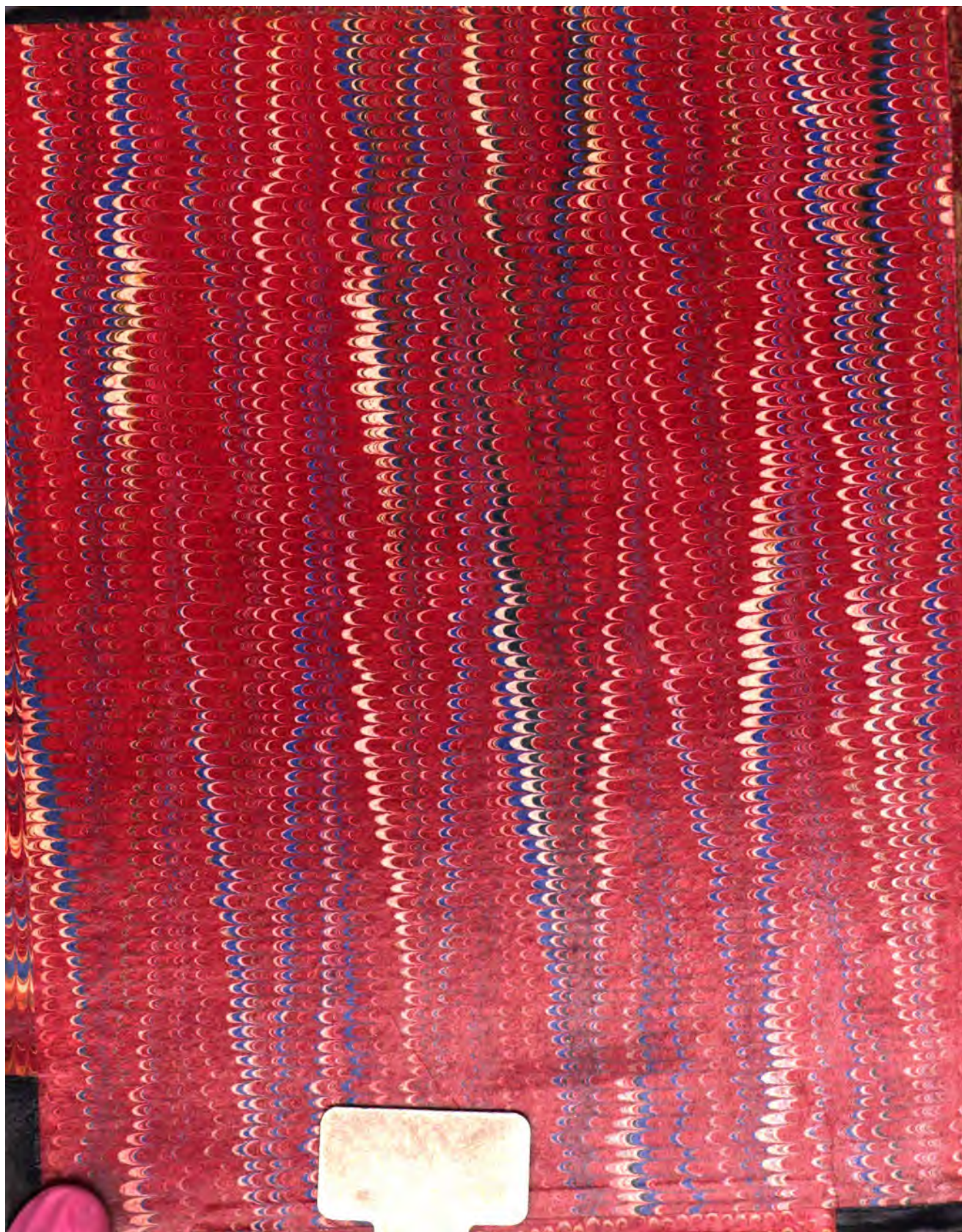
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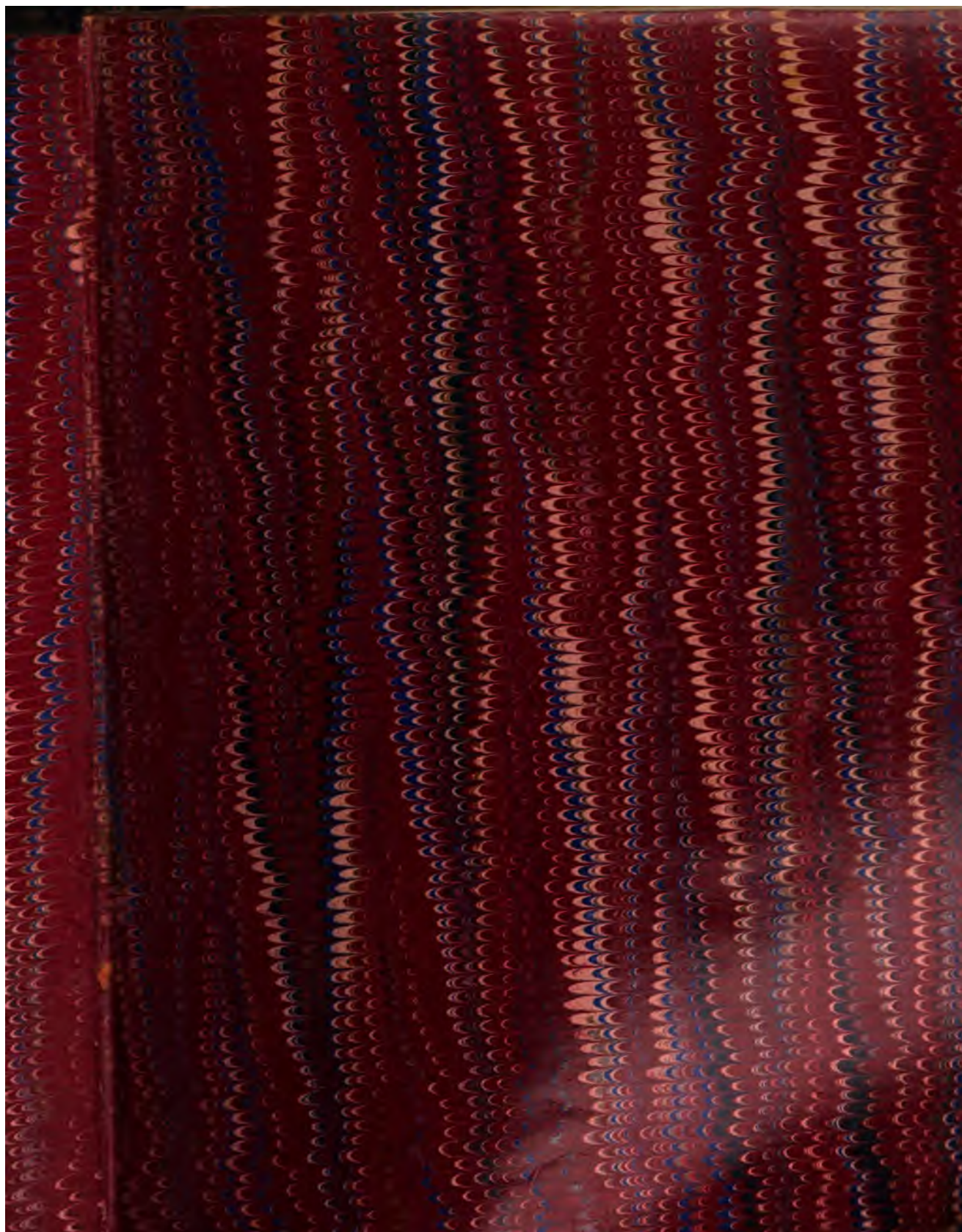
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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

Poems of MILD MAY, 2nd Earl of Westmoreland.
(1648.)

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

1879.





XXIV.

THE
P O E M S
OF
MILDMAY,
2^D EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
(1648.)

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AND FAC-SIMILES,
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INTRODUCTION.

ACCORDING to "an ancient pedigree" cited by SIR BERNARD BURKE*—no very trustworthy authority, unhappily—the ancestor of the Earls of Westmoreland and the Dukes of Cleveland originally wrote their surname VANE, as descending from Howell ap Vane of Monmouthshire, who lived long before the Conquest. A more immediate progenitor was John Vane of Hilden, co. Kent, who flourished *temp.* Henry VI. The second son of this John was Richard Fane, Esq. (V changed to F), of Badsell, who served the office of sheriff in Kent, in 4 and 5 Philip and Mary. He died in 1571, and was succeeded by Thomas Fane, Esq., who, being involved in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt in the first year of Queen Mary, was committed to the Tower and attainted for high-treason, but pardoned and set at liberty after he had been led forth to execution. He was knighted, in the ensuing reign, at the castle of Dover, 26th August 1573, by Robert, Earl of Leicester, in the presence of Elizabeth. He married first, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Colepepper of Bedgbury, but had no issue by her. He married secondly, in 1574, Lady Mary Neville, only daughter and heiress of Henry, Lord Abergavenny, the lineal descendant of Edward Neville, younger son of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland of the family of Neville, by whom he had issue, four sons and two daughters. Sir Thomas died 13th March 1589. Fifteen years afterwards (25th May 1604), his widow, Lady Mary Fane, was restored to the obsolete dignity of Baroness Le Despencer. She died in 1626. She was

* *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire* (seventeenth edition, 1855). Cf. also William Playfair's *British Family Antiquities*, &c., 1809, pp. 271–81—the latter superior to Burke.

succeeded by Francis, K.B., who had, himself, been previously raised to the peerage, 29th December 1624, by the ancient titles of his maternal family, Baron Burghcish and Earl of Westmoreland. He married Mary, only daughter and heiress of Sir Anthony Mildmay, Knt., of Apeltorpe, co. Northampton. They had seven sons and six daughters. He died 23rd March 1628, and was succeeded by our Poet, MILD MAY, SECOND EARL OF WESTMORELAND, and his eldest son. He was born in 1601, and at the age of sixteen was sent to the University of Cambridge—Emanuel College—where he took his degree of M.A. in 1619. Soon after this he was returned M.P. for Peterborough, in the parliament that met at Westminster in 1620. In the same year he was "on his travels" in France. He was three years away, having returned in 1623. He was created K.B. at the coronation of Charles I. (1625). In 1620 he had married Grace, daughter of Sir William Thornihurst, Knt., of Herne, Kent, by whom he had one son and five daughters; for his son the king (Charles I.) stood sponsor. As might have been expected, in the Civil War he declared for the king. In 1640 he received an order from his majesty to collect as large a body of men as he could, and proceed to York. This he did, and continued of the royal party till 1643. In 1643, according to Whitelocke in his *Memorials*, "the Earl of Westmorland, and divers other delinquents, came into the parliament, desiring the benefit of the Declaration of both kingdoms, for composition"; and on 22nd April 1645, "The Earls of Westmoreland, Holland, Thanet, Monmouth, and the Lord Saville, took the oath appointed by Parliament for such as came unto them before the Commissioners of the Great Seal." Evidently his loyalty was not of the brilliant cavalier type. His "Farewell to Court" (pp. 160-1), has a soupçon of bitterness in it, *e.g.*,

—————"court Prince or Kings
With feign'd applauses of whate're they speak
Or doe, be't ne're so frothy, fond, or weak."

He is found co-operating for the Restoration of Charles II. On 31 July 1660, jointly with John, Earl of Exeter, he was acting as Lord-lieutenant of the county of Northampton, and was re-appointed in 1662.

From its *tone*, I think his "My Penthouse against the Storm of Grief, occasioned upon the Death of a dear Friend" — the words 'dear Friend' guising the real relationship — must have been written on the death of his first wife. He married, secondly, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Horace, Lord Vere of Tilbury, and relict of Sir Roger Townshend, Knt., of Raynham, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he had Vere, who succeeded his half-brother in the earldom; and four daughters. He died on 12 February 1665, and was buried at Apelthorpe or Apthorp. He was succeeded by his eldest son by his first wife, Charles, third earl.

These genealogical and biographical details must suffice. Those who wish to pursue investigation further will have no difficulty, as the story of the House and branches of Westmoreland is an illustrious one, and fills a large space in the authorities. To-day a Westmoreland has no slight gift of Poetry.

Turning from the man to his book — now for the first time re-printed — sooth to say, its main interest to us is the fact that it drew from no less than ROBERT HERRICK an urgent appeal that its author should publish it. We must give the poems here :

I. "To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earle
of Westmoreland.

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,
Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can :
If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,
Like *Sybel's* Leaves, throughout the ample world ?
What is a Jewell if it be not set
Forth by a ring, or some such Carkanet ?
But being so ; then the beholders cry,
See, see a Jemme (as rare as Bælus eye.)



Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,
 That we may praise Them, or themselves prize You.
Vertue conceal'd (with Horace you'll confesse,)
 Differs not much from drowzie slothfulnesse."*

Again: in the same Poet's lines "To his Verses," he finely compliments his friend. He wonders if any will care to give shelter to his "Verses" when, he being dead and gone, they shall be 'orphans,' and thus puts it:

"I cannot tell; unlesse there be
 Some Race of old humanitie
 Left (of the large heart, and long hand)
 Alive, as Noble *Westmordland*."†

Earlier, he had addressed the following epigram to him:

To the Earle of Westmerland.

When my date's done, and my gray age must die;
 Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity:
 Weak though it be; long may it grow, and stand,
 Shor'd up by you, (*Brave Earle of Westmerland*).‡

But his crowning-glory is, that Herrick dedicated his delightful and most characteristic poem of "The Hock-cart, or Harvest home" to him.§ It is noticeable that our Poet's best achievements are on the same lines with the "Hock-hart," viz., "My Happy Life" (pp. 134-40) and "To Retiredness" (pp. 172-74). These have its vividness and a certain indefinable graciousness and ease. Some of his personal and family Verses are touched of pathos; some of the "Carols" have sweetness. Scattered up and down are quaint and memorable things; felicitous epithets; snatches of quick-passing melody; notes of pious praise. Wentworth (= Strafford) and Ben Jonson are celebrated.

His Latin verse is too *facile*, being in nowise remarkable either in substance or form. Good and gifted RICHARD

* Grosart's collective edition of Herrick, 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus); vol. ii, p. 118.

† *Ibid.*, p. 194.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 67.

§ *Ibid.*, pp. 175-78.

WILTON of Londesborough, in his *Lyrics Sylvan and Sacred* (1878, Bell), has thus rendered one of his little things :

“ Christ all, alone, in all things.
If to thyself thou wouldst not wanting be,
Take care that Christ is all in all to thee;
And never fear in Christ Alone to find
Enough to fill and satisfy thy mind;
He who in all things would rejoice and sing,
His every action to the Lord must bring” (p. 220).

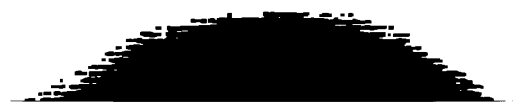
Otia Sacra never was published. It was printed privately for gifts, as witness these lines at the close :

————— “fearless of reproach from Critick’s skill,
Seing, t’look a given horse ith’ mouth sounds ill :
And what alone to Friends he would impart,
Hath not at all to doe with Fair or Mart.” (p. 174.)

My own exemplar bears to have been received as such from its “noble and illustrious author.” Copies, consequently, are of rare occurrence, albeit the British Museum and the Bodleian, and his own College of Emanuel, Cambridge, possess it. For what it is in itself, as a specimen of the “leisure” occupation of a royalist noble of the period ; as a little addition to our materials for a sacred anthology ; as a book called for by ROBERT HERRICK, and as containing words and things illustrative of the *Hesperides* and others, I doubt not that it will be welcome in these our Occasional Issues. As usual I reproduce the original with all fidelity and carefulness. A number of obvious printers’ errors (especially in the Latin), of *n* for *u* and *e* for *a* and the like, have been silently corrected. Author’s slips are simply left. The copper-plate illustrations of the original I have had reproduced ; perhaps a needless expenditure, for they are scarcely worthy of WILLIAM MARSHALL. I have prefixed the contents of the volume in detail.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Brooklyn House,
Blackburn, Lancashire,
February 5th, 1879.



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W.M. sculpsit

Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit. Virg.
London Printed by Richard Cotes. 1648.

Columna Fidei.

OUR Senses are bewitch'd, and seem to grow
So to the Creature, and on things below,
That all our busied Fancy can devise,
Serves more to sink them, than to make them rise :
For out of sight and minde, at once agree
To blind-fold Nature from Eternitie ;
And leave her groveling, for to groap her way
Here in This Transitory bed of Clay,
Till Faith steps in ; and in the stead of wings,
Unto Beleef, a lofty Pillar brings,
Whereby we should be raised up ; And thus
Ascend to Him descended once for Us.

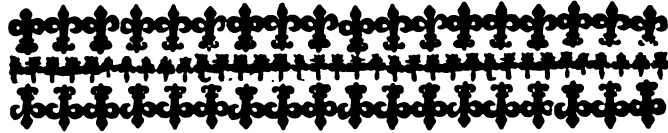
ΚΑΡΔΙΑΙΝΟΣΤΗΛ.

On the Title Page.

There is a Fowle wont hide its head,
To Passe so undiscovered :
Judging it self exempt from eyes
Of others, whilst it none descryes.
Not much unlike are such to these,
Who commit Closet-trespases
And Chamber-dalliance ; and then
Goe for unseen, 'cause so of Men.
If They my Pillars top attein,
They'l finde an eye tryes heart and rein :
But Natures Pur-blinde sight short is ;
Nor can she rise alone to this,
Till Grace assist, which will such vertue yield,
As both t'ascend the Pillar, gain this Shield.

A 2

(2)



OTIA SACRA.

Ad Libellum suum.



OE without Dedication, for that might
Imply I fought to Shelter what I write
Under some Patronage : I can afford
None Sharers in this Offering with my Lord :
His are both Line and Leisure, which mis-spent,
The fault lyes on th' unhappy Instrument
That should improve both better : But 'tis done ;
And Thy fate is decree'd, thy woof is spun ;
Censure must passe : Yet blush not since thy Strings
Are onely consonant with holy things.

Ad Viatorem.

*N*Umina, non Nummos, Me dum cernis Meditantem,
Et Me-ditantem crede (Viator) habes.

In

(3)



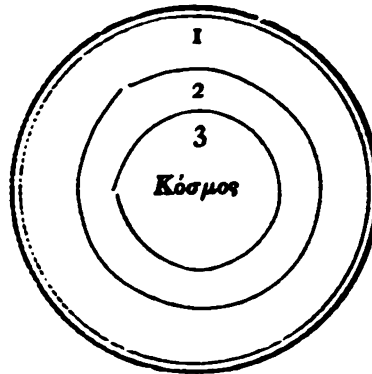
In Vnitate Trinitas.

THat Number 'bove the rest,
For ever Blest,
Which God Himself doth daign
To Branch into, yet Re-unites again;
For as His Prefcience could tell
When Angels fell
That man would follow, and there should be One
Sent for to make Redemption :
So from our Misery did He Infer
Th'necessity of a Comforter.
This doth inspire, That did Create,
The second did Regenerate :
Thus though Distinct, They are
Yet singular,
And One wise-ever Power it is doth Tie
This Triple Knot into a Unitie.

A 3

Κόσμος.

(4)



Mundi {	<i>Ex Maxima Parte nondum Vocati.</i>	Ad {	<i>Sanctificationem. Qui propter externam vocationem Domini per Verbum, interne & effe- ctualiter vocantur per Spiritus Sanctum.</i>
	<i>Participes Verbi et Sacramentorum, qui fulre vocati sed nondū electi.</i>		<i>Justificationem. Grex parvulus Christi, Luk. 12. 32.</i>
	<i>Electi, ideoque vo- cati.</i>		<i>Glorificationem. Tertia pars Domini, Za- char. 13. 9.</i>

Let me not tread the Broad highway to Sin,
But being Elect declare my Call therein.

Seminantur		
à Deo	{	à Diabolo
<i>Veritas Pax Amicitia.</i>	{	<i>Mendacium Discordia Inimicitia.</i>
<i>Inter Homines</i>		
<i>Ut Alterutri prodessemus</i>		<i>Ut Alterutrum devoremus.</i>



(5)

A Morning Thought.

Psal. 104. 23.

Sithence it is given
To Man, to follow's Labor till the Even ;
And when that Star doth close
Up Day, then to seek quiet and repose,
Let Us what's of our Own
Learn to make known,
To be
But so much Cash of purchas'd Mifery ;
All else Confess
(Of Love and Providence) true happiness.

For as our Souls had been
A Combating all Day with Flesh and Sin,
And then for Captives led
In Slumbers Fetters ; Prison'd in a Bed.
So by the Nights Exchange again to Day
They may
(Set free) take up their Armes,
And having overcome those Charmes,
Boldly Conclude the Victory to keep
When as they Warr for Him kept them asleep.

No other Ransom Need
To Speed
This Liberty ; but once awake,
Into our thoughts to take,
What such Confinement might
Administer of Danger in One night,
And how th'all-wakefull eye
Provided had for our Delivery ;
Which on the wings of Contemplation rais'd
Again, w'are Mounted, whilst His name is prais'd.

Cæli

*Pſalm 19.**Cœli enarrant Gloriam Dei.*

* *The Son of
Blindneſs in
the Syriac.*

Are we aſleep ? or doe we ſee
No more than did blind * *Bartime* ?
Or are our Senſes Charm'd to lie
Benumm'd into ſome Lethargie,
Whilſt Sin makes of's a Conqueſt ? Riſe
Fleſh-buried Soul, and from the Skies
Let thy wing'd thoughts to thee relate
Who 'twas thoſe ſtructures did Create,
Where in Thy Hemisphere at large is pen'd,
More wonder then frail Clay can comprehend.

Whether a Sun, a Moon, a Star,
A Comet or a Meteor,
A Various Bow, true ſign of Peace,
Swoln Clouds, which cauſe on earth increaſe
When breaking they Diſtill ; the Glum
And horrid beat of Thunders Drum
We hear or ſee : Why are theſe ſent ?
But t'ſhew He is Omnipotent,
Who thus in Characters doth write, whereby
We have a Lecture in Divinity.

For as thoſe great and leſſer Lights
Diſtinguiſh Time by Dayes and Nights ;
So was it Day with us untill
Our Diſobedient Parents fell.
Yet as the Tincell'd Night gives way
At th'opening o'th' true Golden Day ;
So did the powers of Darkneſs fly,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs being by :
And when we Comet-ſtruck, int' Sin had run,
The Father did redeem us by the Son.

When



(7)

When th'Undertaker first did dain
For to restore His world again,
He us'd no other lock or sluice
I'th' Clouds, but sent a Bow of truce.
What did His Mercy lefs, when we
Who are the Worlds Epitome,
Delug'd in Sin, lay Breathlefs, Drown'd,
Until Our Saviours Pretious Wound
Open'd a Drayn, wherewith he laid us dry,
From wickednefs into fertility ?

The Aire imprifon'd, fain would try
The virtue of more Liberty :
Yet meeting with a tougher Cloud
Is forc'd to quarrell, and fpeak loud.
So if we feek our freedom heer,
We muft no Cloud of Fortune fear :
But like Bonarfes, proclame
What we profefs, then be the fame.
For whilst the Face looks one way, and the Mind
Another, 'tis like Rain brought 'gainft the Wind.

There fhall no Thunder-crack, nor dafh of wet,
Prodigious Comet, in us fear beget ;
But the Suns Purple, and the Silver wings
The Moon puts on, befpeaks us Saints and Kings,
Whilst Iris Endlefs Peace, the numerous Lights
Adorn the Night, difcypher all delights :
Which for to feek to compafs and obtain,
He that quits life and all here, makes great Gain.

B

My

My Countrey Audit.

BLeft Privacie, Happy Retreat, wherein
 I may cast up my Reck'nings, Audit Sin,
 Count o'r my Debts, and how Arrears increase
 In Natures book, towards the God of Peace :
 What through perversness hath been wav'd, or don
 To my first Covenants contradiction :
 How many promis'd Resolutions broke
 Of keeping touch (almost as soon as spoke.)
 Thus like that Tenant who behind-hand cast,
 Intreats so oft forbearance, till at last
 The sum surmounts his hopes, and then no more
 Expects, but Mercy to strike off the score.
 So here, methinks, I see the Landlords Grace
 Full of Compassion to my drooping Cafe,
 Bidding me be of comfort, and not griev'd,
 My Rent his Son should pay if I believ'd.

Cui in calamitatibus soli fit fidendum.

When first the Towing Hills, the loftier Pine,
 Exchang'd to ride upon the swelling brine
Neptune prepar'd, and with more Active skill
 Grew sometimes in the Vale, sometimes on th'Hill :
 Whilst Floating in a compleat tackle drest,
Juv. Sat. 10. She's taught to Sayl from *Cadis* to the East
 Where *Ganges* runs, and from those coasts being come,
 To steer a course back to *Illyrium* :
 Then was that coward Fear banish'd the Mind
 And Heart of Man, ambitious still to find

More



More worlds and works of wonder, wherein He
 Might trace the Greatness of the Deitie.
 Then as if fortify'd with steel and brasse,
 Ventur'd his Bottom on this field of glasse,

Hor. Od. 3.

So brickle and unconstant, as contrives
 A nearness unto Death, yet with reprints.
 A small Gale over-fills the sayls, a leak
 Is sprung, in shorter time than I can speak.
 Then being o'r-fet above, o'r-charg'd beneath,
 What can expected be but present Death ?

Unless we seek to Him, at whose command
 Becalm'd into Obedience, Tempests stand,
 Rising when He so pleases, and are gon
 When He Planes o'r their rugged Motion :
 Whose Power at life's exprest, when weight ascends,
 And almost to the Crystall Skie extends :
 And then again, when Nature on't doth enter,
 It is permitted for to wash the Center.

Psalms 107.

Then are such troubled as on it doe ride,
 Rowling and Tottering from side to side,
 Being drunk through fear and sorrow ; nor can tell
 How many Sands shall knowl their Passing-bell.
 Thus in a Trance dismay'd, and quite bereft
 Of sense, save of a little spark that's left
 To kindle hopes, They to their Maker Cry,
 Who straight releases them from Misery,
 Sending a Calm ; whereat the Liquid plain
 Becomes to them a Looking-glasse again :
 So They in mind restor'd, have quick access
 Unto the Haven of their Happiness.

B 2

My

(10)

My Carroll.

A Rife, arise
Dull Fancy from the bed of Earth,
And that low strain
Befots thy vain ;
That so thou mayst devise
Some Record of that famous Birth,
Which about This time, as our Date will have,
One Son for All the rest the Father gave.

Leave to the Bee
To set a Valuation
On this, or that
Fair Garden-plat,
There t' Browse some Flower or Tree :
And to some Forraign Nation,
To crown their Annals with the Pelican,
Or far-fetcht Cordiall, Mirabolan.

Here's Comfort more ;
A gift that's far beyond all worth,
The Curious mind
Could ever find
In what a Plant e'r bore,
Or Barren wilderness brought forth :
Sweetness excels the Bee's Bagg, and such Good
As prov'd our Strong Restorative by's Blood.

To

To overcome by Contraries.

IN humane things 'tis held a Maxime wife,
 To seek to Overcome by Contraries :
 And in Diviner, if we will exprefs
 Obedience to God, it holds no lefs ;
 For t'conquer Pride whereby we fell, no Art
 Is comparable to a Contrite-Heart.

To Improve Afflictions.

IF *David* found it good He'd been in Trouble,
 What would it teach Me am a finfull Bubble ;
 But that th'Afflictions we meet with heer,
 Are sent to Steer Us to our God more neer ?
 Who thus improves his thoughts on things goe crofs,
 Without a Riddle, makes Great gains of Lofs.

They that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.

AS in the Countrey-Parable it's found,
 God's meant by Husbandman, and Man by ground,
 His Word the pretious Seed, that doth excell
 All other grain ; Our hearts the Arable :
 So would't inform We should our foil prepare,
 To recompence so Great a Seedsmans care ;
 And neither prick't with Pride, stupid like Stones,
 Laid Common to all wicked Motions :
 Be unprovided t'save, much lefs t'afford
 Increase against the Harvest of the Lord :

B 3

Where-

Wherefore as Earth 'thout Culture sithence mans fall
 Is of fruits barren, Thistles Prodigall :
 So doe the dispositions and desires
 Nature brings forth, abound with Thorns and Briers ;
 Which to correct, the Masters strict Command
 Is to break up again the Fallow-land :
 And by Contritions Coulter and Plough-shares
 To drefs our Minds, furrow our Cheeks with teares
 Of true Repentance. And those thus destroy
 The *Weeds* of Sin, shall surely reap in Joy.

Ascensus Gratiarum, Descensus Gratiarum.

IF there be any Vertue left that can
 Pull Blessings down, 'tis Gratitude in Man ;
 And to be humbly thankfull, that alone
 Makes Him true subject for Compassion.
 All Other Graces as Assistants sit
 Upon the Wool-sacks for to farther it ;
 In representing how the Law concludes
 On Gods Rich Bounties, Our ingratitude :
 So thereupon Impeachment's drawn to show
 Delinquencies, and what He gives, we ow.
 First then unless dejected Care possesse
 The Heart and Soul for by-past wickedness,
 And stir up Resolution to become
 Henceforth more righteous, ev'n to Martyrdome :
 In vain it is to hope, or yet surmize
 The acceptation of such Sacrifice
 From Him, whose all-discerning eye doth pierce
 The very Center of the Universe,
 And knows before we think : Let our thoughts flye
 To overtake His Providentiall eye ;

Then



Then we shall straight be conquered, and confesse
 His Bounties, but our own Unworthiness.
 And like the Eagle, first such flight begin
 From the low contemptible Vale of sin,
 Untill Confession and Amendment raise
 Our stretcht out Pinions to the clouds in praise.
 And then when all is done that we are able,
 Still we must know, we're but Unprofitable.

Contemplatio Diurna.

W Hen we behold the Morning Dew
 Dissolve ith' rising Sun : What would it shew ?
 But that a Sun to us did rise,
 Our Fathers hoary sin to Atomise.
 And when the Flowers display'd appear,
 To entertain the mounting Charettier :
 What would they speak in that fair drefs ?
 But Man's redemption out of wretchedness.
 For the shade-shorting Noon can tell
 The Proud, and such as with Ambition swell ;
 That whilst upon Opinions wing
 They seek to soare, they work their lessening.
 And the Prognostick Western set,
 May Our Conditions rightly counterfeit ;
 For if we rise, shine, and set Cleer,
 The Day-Star from on high's our Comforter :
 If Sin becloud us as we fall,
 Our next dayes rise will prove our Funerall :
Et quid lachrymabilius ?

Vbi

Vbi definit Medicus, incipit Theologus.

Pharmaca ægrotantibus Optima.

*C*Orpore si tu ægrotas,
Æsculapius vocetur :
Anima si fit, devotas
Preces quisque Meditetur.

Convictus facilis & maxime Nutriens.

*N*ec quid comesurus cures,
Paucis nam Natura gaudet :
Verbum Dei si procures,
Dapes (quisquis velit) laudet.

Aer Optimus & ad Veram Valetudinem
propius conducens.

*A*Era dum Malignum quæris
Sis morbosus; nec fit mirum:
Sancto sodale si frueris,
Teque efficiet talem virum.

Exercitium veram sanitatem comparans optime.

*E*Xercearis licet tota
Nocte Dieq; Fata vocent:
Sed si Deo facta Vota
Sint sincera, Hæc non nocent :
Ad sanitatem potius veram
Et æternam, Viam docent.

Where the Physitians skill can doe no more,
Divinity must best of health restore.

Annus

Annus annulus, &c. Diminutione largimur.

AS the Year, Serpent-like doth cast its Skin,
 And's stript o'th' Old, when as the New comes in ;
 What would't inform, but that anew w'invest
 Our selves in Christ, Old Adam's Rags detest ?
 And if a *Janus* Bifronted doth stand,
 Looking at once to this and t'other hand,
 What would He teach our Consciences, save this,
 To see at one View whence Salvation is,
 And whence our woe came ; that for this we may
 Our Tribute Tears, for that all-praises pay ?

Now when the Season blossomes in its Spring,
 And time puts on a party-colour'd wing ;
 Why should not our Souls, which before did lye
 Defil'd through th'smutch of Sin, receive a dye
 (Whereat the Rose may blush) from that same flood
 (All Streams surpasses) of our Saviours Blood ?
 For if that Leprosie we fain would heal,
 This is our *Jordan*, stain'd with Cutchinneal
 If from our first Sire we receiv'd a wound,
 This is that Spikenard that can make us found.

And as th'approaching Sun comes daily on
 For to supplant the Winters Garison :
 So should our frozen hearts be thaw'd, and Melt
 When we to Mind call what our Jesus felt,
 And we deserv'd ; His Zodiack should bring
 Us to the Tropick of our Summering
 In those warm thoughts, till ripe in faith and hope,
 Love like a Vale, cover Our Horiscope :
 For what can we return for His, who rent
 The Temples to free us from Punishment ?

C

O let

O let the Lustfull Clusters we behold
 Betasseling Autumn, and those Ears of gold-
 Resembling Corn, say to us, if we thirst
 Or hunger : He who is both Last and First,
 Did tread the Wine-press for us, and fulfill
 What 'was to us due for our Parents ill ;
 That so we might be numbred 'mongst those gueſt
 The Lamb invited to his Mariage-Feast.
 And though we once fell by what one Tree bore,
 God by Anothers fruit did us restore.

Then whilst the Sharp'd-breath'd Winter seems to lay
 Stripes on the bearing earth, and Blasts th'array
 She late was deckt in ; Spitting on her face
 Its Feather'd-rain, (all embling the disgrace
 For Us He felt, who would have known no shame,
 Had we been Innocent and without Blame)
 Doth't not discypher how a Lilly pure
 Sprung up 'midst Thorns, their Scourgings to endure :
 And how They Spat upon a Face that Shin'd,
 Which prov'd our Eye-salve, who before were blind ?

My Observation at Sea.

THough every thing we see or hear may raise
 The Makers Praise ;
 For without Lightning or Thunder,
 His Works are all of wonder ;
 Yet amongst Those there's none
 Like to the Ocean.

Where



(17)

Where (not a Catalogue to keep
Of severall shapes inhabiting the Deep)
Let but our Thoughts confer
With what once Gravel'd the Philosopher :
And we must straight confesse
Amazement more, but apprehension lesse.

The Fire for heat and light
Most exquisit :
And the All-tempering Aire
Beyond Compare.
Earth Composition and Solidity,
Bountifull Mixed with Humidity.
But here for Profit and Content,
Each must give place to th' Liquid Element :

Whose Admirable Courfe, that Steers
Within Twelve Houres Mariners,
Outwards and Homewards bound :
May be Sufficient Ground
To raise Conclusion from thence
At once, of Mighty Power and Providence.

For as the *Cynthia* Queen
Her bounty lesse or more vouchsafes be seen :
So by her wain She brings
The Tides to Neaps, and by her Full to Springs :
Yet not but as He pleas
Who set Her there, chief Governesse of Seas :

C 2

Which

(18)

Which understood
Truly by such would seek for Traffique good,
They must their Anchors waigh
Out of the Oozie dirt and Clay
Earths Contemplations yeild,
And hoyfing Sayles, They'l straightway have them fill'd
With a fresh-Mackerell Gale, whose blast
May Port them in true happiness at Last.

There th'in a Bay of Blifs,
Where a Sweet Calm our welcom is :
Let us at length the Cables Veere
Fore and abaff, that may our Moorage cleere
From warp or winding, so ride, fixt upon
Our Hopes Sheat-Anchor of Salvation.

*Vpon Moses put young to Sea, or hid in
an Ark of Bulrushes.*

Exod. 2.
2, 3.

THIS son of *Amram*, soon as born did find
Pharaoh a Tyrant, but the Midwives kind :
So being from that bloody Doom set free,
Becomes His Mothers Care and Huswifrie ;
Who to His safety, that She might confer
More hopes, She makes him first a Mariner :
A good preface ; whereby it was implide,
His People He through the Red-Sea should guide.

In Mosen adhuc Infantem Amni commissum.

Exod. 2.
3, 14.

*Cur latitans Juncis Moses fit Nauticus Infans ?
Ut ducat Populum per Vada Rubra suum.*

Decem

Decem Præcepta. Acrost. Kenist.

- 1 *I*n Ægypto cum fuisses,
respexit (Solus) ut Exisses.
- 2 *E*rrantes in Eremitis plebs paucos,
posteris ut reddat Cautos.
- 3 *H*abeas Nomen non in Vano
ore, sed in Corde Sano.
- 4 *O*pere, nec sordeat Dies,
in quâ iussa Sancta quies.
- 5 *V*eros Amor Paternalis
doceat in Parentes qualis.
- 6 *A*rdens Cura ignoscendi,
tollat Rabiem Pleclendi.
- 7 *D*oceat Castæ Vitæ normam
qui & Vitam dat & formam.
- 8 *E*ripiendi queis fruuntur
alii, nec fit Mens libenter.
- 9 *V*era Testimonia Testes
reddant lætos, falsa Mæstos.
- 10 *S*is Contentus tuâ sorte ;
Nec Iunctam cupias Portam Portæ :
Capias Vitam tunc pro Morte.

Ila. 5. 8.

*The Contempt of this World, raises
the Others Esteem.*

When all the Vertue we can here put on,
Is but refined Imperfection,
Corruption Calcin'd : A Minerall vain,
Where Clay (to be more priz'd) some Ore doth gain :
C 3 Why

Why should we not employ the best of Care,
 To learn wherein Truest Contentments are,
 And how attain'd? The Jewellers command
 O're Art, is howe to Foyle the Diamond
 As may add Lustre to it: So, who tries
 Lefs to Esteem of This worlds Flatteries,
 Sets higher Value on the Other, where
 Perfection proves th'Eternall Jeweller.

In Diem Natalem.

*NE moriatur Homo, Sanctus de Virgine purâ,
 Mirificusque hodie nascitur Ille Puer.
 Ne Peregrinetur Factus Peregrinus & Idem est,
 In Cunis Stabulum Glorificatque suis.
 Ne pro Delictis Proavi pleflatur, amara
 Pocula fert, alio non patienda Modo.
 Exul ut à Cælis Migrans terraq; Mariq;
 Iactatus, tenebras Mortis, & Ima petit,
 Nos ut surgamus Sancti, quoque Luci fruamur
 Æterna, Astriferas incolit Ille Domus.*

In Eandem.

*Christus { Vita
 Veritas } Venit: { Mors
 Mendacium } Discedunt.
 Via Error*

*Læta Dies Cunctis, Mors quâ calcanda recessit,
 Nascitur in Domibus dummodo Vita suis:
 Plena Dies Lucis Verum quâ clarius exstat,
 Et Falsi Fulcum tollitur Omne Genus:
 Fauſta Dies in quâ Via ſternitur Omnipotentis,
 Error & aufertur; Clara, Beata Dies.*

To

*To Kisse Gods Rod ; occasioned upon
a Childs Sicknefs.*

What ever Gods Divine
Decree
Awardeth unto Mine
Or Mee,
Though't may seem ill,
With patience
I am resolv'd to undergo,
Nor to his purpose once say no,
But Moderate both Mind and Will :
And Conquering th'Rebellions of Sense,
Place all content in true Obedience.

Thus I create it good
When His
Correction's understood,
Which is,
Not to destroy,
But to reclaim,
And t'cause me turn a new-leaf ore,
Count all an Error-writ before,
So find the sting of Flattering Joy :
Making the scope of all My future aim,
To Reverence and Glorifie His Name.

Thus when our God will frown, if we weigh it
In Judgments Scales, we mak't a Benefit.

Man

*My Penthouse against the Storm of Grief,
occasioned upon the Death of a dear Friend.*

O How the Blasts
Temptation Casts
Against my Naked Ston,
Threaten Subversion ;
Sithence the Decree of late was Thine
To take away My Sheltring Vine !

Well, let them blow,
Break clouds and rain,
Their Gufts and Show'rs in vain ;
For Confident I am,
My Gracious God upholds the Frame,
Whilst I the Olive Sprouts see grow.

Thus to my Hart
I may impart
Th'assurance of a Peace,
Wherein such Trials cease
If Patience-born ; that Fear is good
When it withstands ill, not of ill withstood.

Man Levens the Batch.

G OD makes all things for good ; 'tis Man
Sowers and worlts Creation :
Who Leven'd by his Father, thence
Becomes all Difobedience ;

No

No thought, no word, no action He
 Contrives, can own Integrity
 To Him that made Him, for by Deeds
 As Words and Heart, his growth's in weeds,
 Which whilst neglected doe exprefs
 Gods Grace, but Man's unfruitfulnefs :
 Now if again man would bear Corn,
 He muft himfelf a Weeder turn.

The Attributes of true Love.

WE call that Patience, when provok'd we can
 Deferr revenge, but 'tis true love in Man :
 And when with open hand we would exprefs
 Our Bounties Tribute, fome ftyle't Lavifhnefs :
 But They miftake, as farr as thofe defpife
 All fteps whereby an Other Man doth rife ;
 Yet think they have Love too ; and boaft no lefs
 Than that She is their conftant Patronefs :
 If Her Decrees be not to feek her own
 Praife, (as not feemly) whither are fuch blown,
 As thus would tempt Her anger, when 'tis taught
 She is not to be mov'd to an ill thought,
 But's ever pleas'd, and doth rejoyce to fee
 Truth fit in Triumph o're Iniquitie :
 As She fufstains, and is contented ftill
 With what wind blows, fo doe her hopes fails fill,
 When from the windows of Beleef doth breath
 A ftady Gale, t'advance her courfe beneath :
 Till by the Saints tranfplanted, and above,
 She's Moor'd within that Port, and call'd True Love.

D

Contraria

(24)

Contraria juxta se posita

Gal. 5. 19. to 23.

C—upio formam

A—dmiror Creaturam

R—eminiscor Injuriam

O—btempero Voluntati

S—anctitate Curo

V—irtuti Servio

T—ruculentiā Sperno

I—ncontinentiā Nolo

R—apacitatē fugio

I—raſci nequeo

P—atientia Vinco

S—alutem Spero

Like Night to Day, or ſoyles that Raiſe
The Luſtre of the Diamonds praiſe :
Such, and no other Vertue Lies
Hid in th'approach of Contraries.

Love

p. 24.
Conipio formam

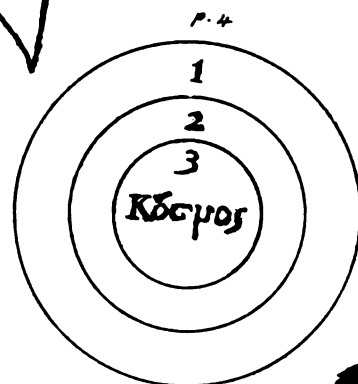
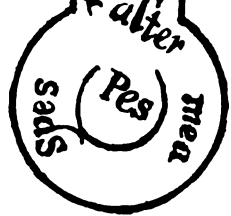
Admiro Creaturam

Remittor Injuriam

Obtinuo Voluntati



Sanctitati Curo
Virtuti Seruio
Tribuscentia Serno
Incontinentia Neso
Rapacitate fugio.
Ira Sci nequeo
Patientia Vinco
Sollem Spevo



Love begets Fear.

'T Was of Thy Goodness (Lord) at first I had
 Knowledge of what was Good, and what was bad :
 Yet through the Ill of Nature become blinde,
 I followed Sin, and left thy Fear behind :
 By which I forfeited a Blessing, till
 Thou of thy Mercy, free and Gracious will
 Sign'ft me a Pardon in that style, Repent,
 That so I might avoid all Punishment.
 Thus then rows'd up and wak'ned, I began
 Thy Judgments, Blessings, Love, and Fear to skan :
 And in a Scoale when I them all had waigh'd,
 Methought I lov'd Thee still, still was afraid.

My Invocation.

G Reat, and Good God, of Justice, Love ;
 As that to Fear, so grant This move
 My Trembling Heart, till It retain
 Some Sparks of heat and life again ;
 Sithence My Creation-Fuell's don,
 Lighten again the Turf by thine own Son.

Small hopes of This, unless I may
 In awe to That, finde a decay
 Of such Lewd Thoughts, Words, Acts, did bring
 My whole Man to a wintering
 In Lust, and Sin, and growth of Grace,
 T'affure a fruitfull Spring-tide in the place.

D 2

How's

How's that attain'd ? By heat, not cold,
'Tis that the Bounteous Marygold
Displays its Treasure ; and kinde Showers
(Not Frosts) befriend both fruit and Flowers :
Thaw then my Breast till't open Zeal,
And let my Eyes those sighs reveal
In rain, that my Affections may subdue,
So from my Old Congeal'd Clot raise thoughts new.

Misericordia Dei splendidissima.

GODS Mercy shines 'bove all His works, as farr
As doth the Cyprian-Queen out-light a Starr.

To Man. Epig.

HARD-Hearted Man ! what canst thou say,
That Thou thy self hast turn'd to Brick thy Clay :
But that Thy Hopes are built upon
His Promise once sent Fountains out of Ston :
Wherefore to Sacrifice to Gods desire,
Mans Heart must be the Altar, Sighs the fire.

Psalm 51.
17.

*My Pool of Bethesda, or the Effusion of Christs
Merits to heal our Miseries.*

WHEN Children would goe, or Cripples stand,
Crutches and Stools are fram'd for Arm and Hand
To rest upon, lest such attempting shall
Without like Props occasion them to fall.

What

What are the Sons of *Adam*? if we try,
 Condemn'd to Lameness and to Infancy
 Through Sin, and so disabled to Pace
 The Paths of Vertue, tread the Steps of Grace ;
 Till God of's Mercy pleased to Confer
 A standing stool, as if from th' Carpenter,
 Though He himself was Artift, and did frame
 This Remedy for Those were Weak and Lame :
 So that without a farther Inquisition,
 We All were, and are such, Christ's the Physician.

The Five Porches to Bethesda.

MAN is *Bethesda*, and's five Senses be
 Porches unto that Great Infermery,
 Where Divers Cures are sought for ; yet not one
 Attain'd but through an Angels Motion,
 Grace powred on the Heart ; which who so can
 Improve, becommeth straight a perfect Man :
 But Those who Opportunity neglect,
 Must not an other Saving help expect.
 For as the Cripple Thirty eight years lay,
 And had done more, had not Christ come ith' way :
 So whilst these powr'd out waters we would try,
 Others step in, Prophane their Sanctity.
 Lusts both our Ears, and Eyes, and Palates charm :
 Through Nostrils and by Fingers we doe harm ;
 And 'cause all over Leprous and defil'd,
 We'd fain be cleans'd, to health be reconcil'd,
 Yet cannot get so soon into this Tide,
 Afford us of that *Jordan* from Thy side.

D 3

Solilo-

Soliloquium.

A Nima, quid tam tristis?
 Oculi, quid Lachrymaris?
 Cur in Pectore singultus?
 Cur Mœrore madet vultus?
 Quid sit, gemitu plangescis
 Cor, ut si integrum non esses?
 Cum, quo hic fruamur toto
 Nostro non in Dei voto.
 Ejus est suffragii, sortem
 Dare, Vitam dare & Mortem.
 Mortis certitudo, brevem
 Vitæ Curam reddit levem :
 Et post Mortem, sit levamen
 Quod Vivetur semper tamen :
 Nec mensurâ quâvis, horæ
 Vespertinæ, vel Auroræ
 Metitur : æternâ Luce
 Sed (hæc dicta Dies) duce :
 In quâ, cum gaudeat omnis Sanctus,
 Luctus sistat, fileat planctus :
 Pœnam (hic) quâ laboramus
 Somno Mortis nam mutamus :
 Et quid mali hora dedit,
 Gaudio Scmpiterno cedit.
 Qui sic mutant, invidendos
 Sentio solos : non desendos.
 † contra Pectora Peccatis data,
 Cor corruptum, Ora lata,
 Animam infectam Malis,
 Nox dum sequitur fatalis,
 Lugeat, doleat Omnis Tales.

A

A Carroll.

(I F nothing else) may not this season move,
 Or Time become true Chronicle of love ?
 And so allay the Fury, stint the Rage
 Or madnes doth predominize this age ?
 When for to Ransome Man, whose least Offence
 Was character'd in Difobedience,
 He who knew no Sin came, that, to fulfill
 The Mercy Statute of His Fathers will :
 Thus He forgave, and gave, to let us know
 What to our Very Enemies we ow,
 By His Example ; and decrees this fate
 To the Posterity unfortunate
 Of too-beleeving *Adam*, That They must
 Give themselves over to no other Trust
 Than what His Word assures ; nor to make less
 That first of Sins, Create them numberless,
 In Envie, Malice, and Ambition,
 But joyn to Charity Contrition
 For by-past faults, and resolutions raise
 To spend the future in our Makers praise :
 Obey Him first, then Those His Glorious Powers
 Shall substitute for our Superiours :
 And with our own Condition whatsome're
 Content, enjoy a full Harmonious Sphere ;
 Leaving no Orb for Discords fond increase,
 Sithence He that's born for us was Prince of Peace.

A Quid

A Quid Retribuam.

POor sin-bound-naked-creature Man, ne're knows
 What to return for that His God bestows ;
 But as Prosperities increafe, goes lefs
 I'th' retribution of Thankfulness :
 His eyes not open but with Clay made dim,
 Renders that Miracle, not wrought on Him,
 Remains fo stupid, but where Faith's declin'd
 Int' unbeleef, fuch are for ever blind :
 Now that I may like Judgment ftill prevent,
 By entertaining True-Souls-Nutrimment,
 Not Poyfon : let Example fpur me on
 To take the Cup fill'd with Salvation ;
 And t' praife his holy Name that did prepare
 Such Cates for thofe heavie and Laden are,
 Sins Dromidaries fwift by Nature led
 To run to Evil, here unburthened
 By One who bore both Croffe and fhame, to free
 The Pliant branch of *Eves* pofterity :
 (So have I tender Saplings feen unbroak,
 When Tempefts have o'r-turn'd the fturdier Oak :)
 And if in Sacrifice we'd paffe degrees,
 The beft for acceptance's from the knees,
 Outward and inwardly exprest ; whereby
 To notifie unfeign'd Humility ;
 For fuch deny to fhew repentance thus,
 Surely forget Chrift came from Heaven to us :
 And thofe of that fhort memory may know
 Their Portion's here ; They fhall not to Him go,
 Who's Riches, Rayment, Food, and all Relief
 To them Contemn this World, make Him their Chief.

EVCHA-

(31)

E V C H A R I S T I A
 —dat —iam —alescent —omo —mini —eti —ejument —imulantes —alibus —neß —maritus

Though All must truly fay, They've done amifs,
 Yet there Goes more than Ord'nary to This :
 For He that would not make the banquet fower,
 Muft form His Relifh to his SAVIOUR.

*A Pelican feeding her young with blood out of her
 own Breft, a type of our Saviour.*

C-ruores
 I-ndulgetq; A-lefcant
 L-atus N-ati
 E-ximos V-ulneribusq;
 P-orrigit S-uis.

Behold Here from the PELICANS Breft fprung
 A stream of precious blood to feed her young.

E

In

In Sanctam Cœnam Domini, Epig.

WASH and be clean ; Eat, Drink this, and 't will save :
So easie is the suit our Lord doth crave :
Yet with the healed Creeple, back He'll call thee,
And bid Thee, Sinn no more, lest worfe befall thee.

A Dedication of my first Son.

IS it not fit the Mould and Frame
Of Man, should dedicate the same
To God, who first Created it : and t' give
To Him the first fruit of that Span we live ?

In the worlds Infancy could *Hannah* tell,
Shee ought to Offer her sonn *Samuel*
To Him that made him, and refine
That Sacrifice with Flowre and Wine ?

Was *Abrams* long expected seed
From *Sarah's* womb condemn'd to bleed ?
And shall the times now they grow Old, conclude
In faithlesnes, and in ingratitude ?

Let shame awake us, and where blessings fall,
Let every one become a Prodigall
In paying vows of thanks, and bring
The first, and best for Offering.

Where

(33)

Where am I then ; whom God hath deign'd to blefs
With hopes of a fucceeding happinefs
Unto My houle ? Why is't I ftand
At th'Altar with an Empty hand ?

Have I no Herds, no Flocks, no Oyl,
No Incenfe-bearing-*Shebah*-foyl ?
Is not My Grainary ftor'd with Flowre that's fine ?
Are not my strutted Veffels full of Wine ?

What Temporall Bleffing's wanting to fuffice
And furnifh out a lively Sacrifice,
Save onely this, to make a Free-
Will-offering of an Infancy ?

Which I fhould not doe, that pil'd-
Up wood, whereon lay *Sarah's* childe ;
The Temple would accufe me, where the fon
Of *Elk'na* firft had Dedication.

Wherefore accept, I pray thee, this
Thou'ft given, and my firft Sonn is :
Let him be Thine, and from his Cradeling,
Begin his fervices firft reckoning.

Grant, with his Dayes, thy Grace increafe, and fill
His Heart, nor leave there room to harbour ill :
That in the Progreffs of His years
He may exprefs whole badg He wears.

E 2

In

In Quadragesimam.

WHen all the Dayes w^have borrowed are mis-spent,
 Had we not need to beg more time were Lent ;
 And not to suffer This too, to be gon,
 Because abus'd through superstition ?
 A knife to cut with's good, but if to kill
 It be abus'd, why then we deem it ill.
 All things are made for use ; Abuses came
 But as Usurpers to deprave the fame :
 And in some kinde or other all we do,
 Speak, think, or have, those have their morals too.
 Our Pampred Bodies oft such thoughts put on,
 That they become like to proud *Ieffuron* :
 And when our minds from full Cups are exprest,
 They're like to *Balthassar's* at His Feast :
 Our Actions too, laden with Temporall good,
 Cannot permit t'aspire at Spiritual food ;
 But over-fed, we surfet, and becom
 Like to the Beast in all things, save being dumb :
 Tongue-tide we are not, when we would exprest
 Our Enmity, from th' root of Bitterness :
 Nor yet uncharitable, unless in this,
 To judge that those who hunger doe amiss,
 And such as thirst too, whilst our Cups run o're,
 And Bellics are made Magazines of store.
 It should be otherwayes, if we would shun
 The heavie doom of sad Temptation ;
 And as the Meat and Drink of Faith, prepare
 A Holy-Fasting-sanctifying-Prayer,
 Cook'd from our Corner'd hearts, and not the streets,
 A Sacrifice Incens't with Love for sweets.
 And thus performing what is Lent aright,
 We'l fear no Schismatick, nor Anchorite.

A

(35)

*A Hymn occasioned upon going to receive the
blessed Sacrament when it was a snow.*

I Nvited now to Sup with Thee my Lord,
All that I am is at a Period
How to be fitly drest,
And so t'become a worthy Gueft ;
For 'tis prepar'd alone
For such as have the Wedding garment on,
Which through my Guilt I want,
And all my Substance t'buy one is too scant.

Make Me a Purfe then, from His Sacred Score,
Whose institution 'twas, and will doe more
For Those beleeve His name,
That to redeem us Sinners came
Into the World, and shed
His precious blood, which might stand all in stead ;
By a quick Faith apply
The Sovereign Balfome of His Agony.

For like the Man met Theeves, we all were left
Naked and Wounded, Spectacles of Theft
And Rapine too, wherein
We weltring lay, a prey to Sin ;
Till th'true *Samaritan*
Passing this way, Redemption began,
Not sparing Wine, nor Oyle
Out of His Hands, and Feet, and Side the while.

E 3

Thus

(36)

Thus now upon Recovery agen,
Bound up in His Grave-cloaths, brought to our Inn,
And Earnest left, to prove
His high Compassion and Love :
What care should be t'express
In all our future Actions thankfulnes ?
Which no way's better spent
Than in partaking right this Sacrament :

Which, without Clensed hearts, and mindes that Can
Turn a new leaf with the Centurian,
More of a Christian show,
Made white as is this day with Snow ;
And like the Prophets sute
Purged with Hyfope from what doth pollute,
We cannot hope to do ;
Nor that, 'less prompted by thy Grace thereto.

Whereto (I pray Thee) so much mercy add,
That I may have some Balm from *Gilead*
To heal my Leprous Sore,
Whilst humbled for my Sins before,
My future dayes may be
The Inventory of more Piety ;
My forehead bear thy stamp
As servant, having Oyl still in my Lamp.

Rev. 7. 3.
Mat. 25. 4.

A Reveille Mattin, or Good morrow to a friend.

AS the Black Curtain of the Night
Is open drawn
By the Gray-fingred Dawn,
To let out light,

And

(37)

And bid good Morrow to the Teeming Day :
So let all Darkned thoughts Through Sin,
Call in
Their Powers, that led them in a blind-fold way :
And Rowl'd up from security,
Bring better fruits unto Maturity.

For now the Fragrant East
The Spicery o'th' World,
Hath hurl'd
A rosie Tincture o'r the Phoenix nest ;
And from the last Dayes Urn
An Other springs,
And brings
With it a Charettier too in its turn :
So then by this new fire
Be Goodnefs Hatcht, all wickednefs expire.

Then as This Prince of Heat doth rise,
In Power, and in Might seem stronger,
Proclaiming that 'tis Night no longer ;
By vanquishing the Witchcrafts of the Skies,
The Spelly-vaprous Mifts :
So let th'enlightned Soul
Controul
Our Actions, that no farther they persist
To follow sense, whereby t'invite
Ruine, the sawce t' unruly Appetite.

Thus now it's cleere,
Out of all Question,
The world's unmask'd, and all of Vailing gon.
Phæbus Triumphant o'r our Hemisphere :

Let

(38)

Let us not therefore in disguise
Seek, or Bravado,
To shadow as if under Maskerado
So many faults and Villanies,
Knowing that He who made the Light,
Cannot Himself be destitute of light.

But though His Providence
Did this beget,
That Suns that rise should set,
And in appearance vanish hence :
Yet doth He claim for th'interest
Of Day-lights blifs,
We slumber not amifs ;
When as our Light is borrowed by the West :
But the Choice Cabbinet of minde adorn
With Contemplations may befit next Morn.

Trium Gratiarum maxima Charitas.

WHEN all Perfections prove
But like some found
Of Brads,
Wherein no certain Note is found,
Without Harmonious Love ;
What do we see then more, than through a Glafs ?

We may with Eloquence
Beguile our Speech,
And then
Offer at more than we can reach,
And bring an Influence
Of Works to raise us : yet we are but Men.

For

(39)

For if provok'd we be,
We'll not forgive ;
And so
Forget the wrong we did receive,
Though it be Love's decree ;
Untill we can work our revenge in wo.

The Churle, whose sparing skill
Denies to feed
The Poor,
And such as stand in greatest need ;
Yet thinks he doth no ill,
Whilst He walks double on his Ivory floor.

An Other, Envie-swoln,
When once 't was heard
By chance,
That such a one was new prefer'd,
Cries, What are honors stoln !
Yet by the same tract strives Himself t'advance.

This Mufhrum may appear,
When first the Sun
Doth rise ;
But when His Hemisphere is run,
And that the Ev'n draws near,
It shuts up all its treasure, and so dies.

Unless reviv'd again
By Loves sweet Charm,
O'r which
No Night or Vapour can do harm ;
For neither Pride, Wit, Gain,
Can make us truly Live, or truly Rich.

F

But

(40)

But if Affection
To Truth prevaile,
And say,
No Suffering shall turn the Scale,
Nor yet promotion :
This Night will turn into eternall Day.

Matth. 13.

El Sembrador, or, the Sower.

ALL are Solicitous, who grounds possesse,
To know
Both when and how to sow,
That promise may to them the Most increafe.

And by the severall Seafons, Change, or Wain,
Full, or
Increafe, to stir them for
What might be properest of every grain.

Nor do they search so deep as for a Mine
Of Gold ;
Yet what's the fittest mold
For every seed, can readily define.

And doth not great neglect and floath appear
In these,
Whom Barley, Wheat, Rie, Pease,
Affect alone in being cheap or dear :

Whilst that the Fallows of their hearts, untill'd,
No more
Can promise than before,
To be with Cockle-thoughts and Darnell fill'd.

For

(41)

For when the Bells do seem all In to Chime,
They'll say
This is some Holyday ;
So never frame a work unto the time.

All that they pray, or hear, or read, or do,
Shall be
Choak'd with the Brierie
Cares of this world, which they are Slaves unto.

Before the Reverend Preacher can divide
His Text,
Some one soon tels't the next,
Yet's robb'd of it ; For 't falls by th'high-wayes side.

An Other gets a Point by th'end, and may
Go on
Till Persecution
Declare him *Niobe*: then he must stay.

As when a Soil's prepar'd with art and Care,
The Hinde
Such Crops doth alwayes finde,
As to's endeavours answerable are.

So let our Hearts be throughly wed of Sin,
And then
They'll prove good ground agen,
And bring us more than thousand profits in.

F 2

Necessse

(42)

Necesse, est Vi

Temporum Vitia Careant Dei amicitia
Absque vera tristitia.

Terminus

à quo

per quem

ad quem

Rom. 13.13.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Gula} \\ \textit{Scortum} \\ \textit{Ebrietas} \end{array} \right.$	Joel. 2. 12.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Jejunium} \\ \textit{Luctus} \\ \textit{Mæstitia} \end{array} \right.$	Luk. 1.53.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Abundantia} \\ \textit{Gaudium} \\ \textit{Lætitia.} \end{array} \right.$
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Opera

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{Tenebrarum} \\ \textit{Pœnitentiæ} \\ \textit{Misericordiæ} \end{array} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{Fugienda} \\ \textit{Amplectenda} \\ \textit{Acquirenda.} \end{array} \right\}$
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Sic fiet ; Ut

• <i>Mundities.</i>	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{Dentium * Candor} \\ \textit{Armorum Clangor} \\ \textit{Pestilentie ardor} \end{array} \right\}$	cedat	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Copiæ \& ubertati} \\ \textit{Paci \& tranquillitati} \\ \textit{Sanitati \& temperici.} \end{array} \right.$
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Quod fac sit Dominus huic Mundi angulo Angliæ.

A M E N .

(43)

A Carroll.

What though't be Cold, and Freeze,
Let no good Christian leefe
So much of heat and Zeal,
As not for to Remember
That blest day of *December* :
And what to Shepherds Angels did reveal,
Which doth of right Claim lay
To All that ever Man can write or fay.

A Saviour's born for Us,
What News more precious ?
Wer't but some Neighbours Son,
The Bells would straightwayes ring —
In Cakes for Gossipping ;
So soon the Tydings o'r the Town would run,
And many a light brain tost
Amongst the Goodwives, where to place their Cost.

And shall my frozen heart
Not thaw, and bear its part
In Jollitie for this :
Whereby not I alone,
But each beleeving one
May promise to Himself eternall blifs ?
For such can ne'r be Cold,
Who have this Birth-day in their hearts enrol'd.

But may be said to burn,
Till some thanks they return,
Which though far short they reach,
The comfort is most sure,

It

(44)

'T hath healing wings to Cure
Not for reward, but to make up the breach,
Which so repair'd 't is we
Must make it good 'gainst Satans Batterie :

Whereto belongs this Care
In Chief and Singular,
That stricter guards we keep,
Because both night and day
Th' Artillery doth play,
Nor doth our Adversary ever sleep :
Then we shall shew hereby
Christs Favour hath not slipt our memory.

Vpon the birth of a Childe.

W^Hen I (O Lord) Thy Mercies scan,
Stooping unto the Publican,
Who stood afar off ; and didst daign
To give, that He might ask again :
(For not the Outward-beaten-brest,
Nor down-cast-look could make Him blest ;
But 'twas thine own Power did controul
His former Vice, stamp New His soul.)
Methinks I am so far set free
From all Sins bonds and Tyrannie,
As that rais'd up in hopes ; no More
I need *Zacheus* Sycamore :
But (though a Dwarf in Grace) conclude
I see Christ 'bove the Multitude
Calling me down ; as if to say,
He meant to be my Guest to day ;
And (though a Sinner) crown My wish,
Bringing an Olive-branch for's Dish.

This

This is a true saying, That Christ came, &c.

*Tim. 1. 1,
15.*

BE a thing true or false, our Nature lies
 Always so prone to Novelties,
 That we are caught : and what is done or said,
 Tickle, till we have uttered ;
 Yet are asleep whilst this *True saying's* come,
 (Or else with *Zachary* struck dumbe
 Through incredulity) although 't exprefs
 In it the height of our unworthiness :
 And this the Scope, That He was 'nointed King
 Although he govern'd every thing,
 Contented was of's footstool t' make a throne
 Where He might work Salvation,
 And so is a true Jesus ; nor doth thus
 Become unto the Righteous,
 But to Those likewise who through sins decree
 Condemned were to Miserie,
 Amongst whom the Apostle, whilst he'averrs
 Himself as chief, so little errs :
 What should we Judge our selves to be, whose all
 Of Life is but Apocryphall,
 Less than the least of Mercies : yet again
 When in our ills we not remain,
 Goodness shall cause that Scepter to distill
 All saving Grace into the will ;
 So that repair'd by this, forgiv'n by that,
 We may thus far be Confolat,
 That Princely Clemency, and wonted love,
 May both the Crime and guilt remove :
 Then though the chiefeft of the Chief we bee,
 If we repent, this Verse may set us free.

Luk. 1. 20.

*Mat. 9. 13.
Mark 2. 17.*

A

My Looking-Glass.

FOe to Ill-faces for thy truth, be free
 And Shadow back my Souls Deformatie,
 Thou'lt please me better far, than that which can
 Return a Raven White, or black a Swan :
 For if thou shouldst like to thy self, rubb'd ore,
 Give All for Moteles that comes Thee before,
 I might suspect, (that justly) whilst thou'rt set
 To me 'n Diameter for Counterfeit,
 So horrid black my Conscience doth present
 My Guilt-complexions Night Firmament,
 Not Tinsel'd with one Star of Grace, or Spark
 Of Goodness, but Sin-clouded o'r and Dark.
 How shall I then presume to Claim a right
 In any Dawn of Mercy and of light ?
 Unless My Faith give credit for the Loan ;
 And so Gods Son lend from th'Reflection
 Of His Bright Merits, so much power to say,
 My Pardon's seal'd, and Night is turn'd to Day :
 And then, and not before, I may seem drest,
 When His Great Favour, my Great Sin's confest.

Sham'd by the Creature.

THe Thankfull Soil Manur'd and Winter Drest,
 Returns the Hinde an Autumn interest
 For all His care and Labour : nor denies
 To be uncloath'd, to deck his Grainaries :
 So doth the Youthfull Vine those Prunings own,
 When as her Blossomes are to Clusters grown ;

Nor

Nor (to shew thanks) doth spare her blood to spill,
That so the Planters Vessels She may fill.

This Vegetable Lecture may indeed
Cast a Blush o'r me, whose return for seed
So far fals short, as not for every one
To bring an Ear ; but for a whole Season none,
No not that Corn again was left in trust,
And Harrowed up under My barren Dust :
But pregnant Nature doth so rule and reign,
That with wilde Oats She Choaks the better Grain ;
And where My Gratefull Heart should dye my Prefs,
It's all Befmeared with unthankfulness.

Nor can a Thought, a Word, or Act proceed
Out of My Clay, that turns not straight to Weed :
And for My Fruits, ere Ripeness is begun,
Abortive-like, They wither in the Sun
Of SelfConceit : Lord prune once more this Vine,
And Plow this Ground, lest the Figtree's doom be Mine. *Luk. 13. 7.*

To Man, on his frail Condition.

What permanence to Earth or Clay is due,
Fond Man consider, for that Emblems you :
This Day brings humane flesh under Death's yoke,
And yesterday I saw a Pitcher broke.
Our Forms are different, Substances the same :
The subtil Artist doth both Vessels frame
For Honor and the Contrary ; and thus
Our great Creator moulds and fashions us.
If we would then our Makers praise set forth,
We should take Care to become Those of worth.

*Hodie vidi,
heri vidi, &c.*

G

The

The Fallacy of the outward Man.

Are we awake, or doe our Eyes
Onely with th' Glowworm sympathise,
To light the Pismire to his bed,
When it through toil and labour 's wearied ?

Doth not the Bank of Mofs appear
Crispt up in Moon-shine far more clear ;
When *Argus*-ey'd with many a Mite,
It waits upon the Goddeffs of the Night ?

Have not the wanton Fairie-Elves
Their Torch-bearers, Light as themselves,
That with our Fancies sport and play,
Untill they lead us quite out of the way ?

Cannot a Spangle, Pin, or Bead,
By Candle-light, int' Error lead ;
And representing Treasure, claime
A stooping to the Mat or Bord for th' fame ?

'Tis from no other, but from hence
That whilst alone with th' outward fence
We doe behold, and not with th' Minde,
We are asleep, or we are blinde.

Awake and See : Let Sin no more
Lock up the Window and the Dore
To thy fair apprehension (Soul,)
But let its own allurements give Controul.

Let

(49)

Let this false treasure, vapour, spark
Of candid dew, shine in the Dark,
And the Bejewel'd worm Eschew
The morn, lest that her Diamonds prove untrue.

But Let Thy Lustre Foyl-les be,
And so present the Day to thee :
Let Sparks of Grace, and Truths light steer
Thee to Contemplate Thy Lord Treasurer.

Who not on Bords or Mats did lie,
But did Install Humility :
Whilst in the Chambers of the Inn
One spies a Bead, an Other sees a Pinn.

He is that Light which doth convey
All wise men to th'eternall Day,
Whilst Fools by false Illusions fire,
As in the Dark slip into Dirt and Mire.

'Twas He alone ; whose wounded side
And Hands and Feet are glorified,
Whilst Potentates with Jewels hung,
But Barren Mofs-banks are, and filthy dung.

No sweat, no Travail, grief nor Pain,
Did His Love Shun, to win again
Thee that wer't Lost : His Mercies Shon
Far above th' Glance of Truest Diamon'.

Wherefore if Thou mak'st use of this
Worms Love to Raife thy thoughts to His ;
If with Industrious Care Thou bring
Home to thy self His suffering ;

G 2

If

(50)

If by reflection thou return,
Sighings unfeign'd, for sighes, and burn
In Zeal : no Falsifi'd delight
Can e'r deprive thee of thy sight.
But with the eye of Faith thou Maist behold
A Crown Immortall priz'd 'bove purest Gold.

Vpon the Times.

A Wake thou best of fence,
Intelligence,
And let no Fancy-vapour steer
Thy Contemplation t' think that peace is neer,
Whilst war in words we doe bemone,
There's nothing less left in Intention.

England that was, not Is,
Unless in Metamorphosis,
Chang'd from the Bower of blifs and rest,
To become now *Bellona's* Interest,
In danger of a Funerall Pile,
Unless some happy Swift means reconcile.

Which how to bring to pass,
Beyond Mans hopes, alas,
Therefore be pleas'd (Thou) who didst make
Atonement for His sake,
To silence this unnaturall spell,
As Thou didst once the Delphian Oracle.

My

(51)

My Reformation.

If all the Span
Of Dayes
Lent here to Man
To Pilgrim in,
And in Times Kalendar enrol'd,
God should but Skan,
What might He finde for weight and Measure,
But Pounds and Pecks of this and t'other evil ;
No one markt to His Praise,
But spent or fold
For Profit, or in Pleasure :
By whole-fale
Unto Sin ;
And by Retaile
Unto the Flefh, the World, the Devil.

If the Immenfe
Goodnefs
Did not difpenfe
Its power upon
Our frailties, that like Clay or Glafs
Makes no defence
'Gainft Potters, or the Glafiers skill :
What could we promife to withstand fuch lofs,
Our Miferies redrefs,
Unlefs (alas !)
His Son He let them kill :
So Himfelf t'pay
That by One,
Which on all lay ;
And t'expiate, through grief and crofs.

G 3

Here

(52)

Here am I lost,
So small,
Yet so much cost,
Wherein the debt
Would wel-nigh drive into despair,
Had not the Most
Of me been dross, and so unfit
To take the stamp of any Grace or Good ;
Untill he that made all,
Dide to repair
My Crackt estate, and knit
By His pain ;
Wherein met
To fet again
That Breach for Balm, His precious Blood.

Captives ye know
Are led
Into much woe
And Sufferance,
Untill by Ransome they get free
Again ; and so
No more are bound, but to those wayes :
Where lies my bond and Obligation then ?
To Sin was Cancelled,
But still with Thee
My Saviour, whose Bayes
O'r Death's sting,
Hell, and Chance,
A Conquest bring
To fet me at full Liberty again.

Not

(53)

Not what I will
To speak,
Or doe My fill,
As Appetite,
Not Reasons Fescue shall direct ;
But with that Skill,
Thy Gracious Mercies shall infuse
To make me truly sensible of those ;
Whilst I the Fetters break,
And so detect
That which did me abuse,
My Young years,
Which were light,
Too void of fears,
That so I might the rest for Thee compose.

My Close-Committee.

How busied's Man
To seek and finde
An Accufation
Against all those
He deems his Bodies good, or Goods oppose !
And winks at such as Hazard Soul and Minde.

Nothing of late
Is done or spoke,
But either King or State
Concerned are ;
The while Each 'gainst his Neighbour wages War,
So 're all the bonds of love and friendship broke.

And

And how Comes this,
 But that we do
 Or utter what's amiss
 If everything;
 Making Each Fancy Lord, each Will a King,
 And all that Checks not Reason, Treat in vain?

Werd't not more wife,
 To lay about
 Which way far to surmise
 That Traitors Land
 Or Slaves, that in our Reforms bear command;
 And entertaining Grace, to cause these March out?

Our Lust, our Pride,
 Ambition,
 Or whatsem'er builder,
 Seems to give way
 To that unjust Militia and Array,
 Bring we t' our Close-committees inquisition:
 Thus when our hearts these for Malignants brand,
 Commit them not, but banish them Thy Land.

*Humiliation without Reformation, a foundation
 without a Building; Reformation without Humili-
 ation, a Building without a foundation.*

BFit Architects whether in Brick or Ston,
 Call first to lay a sure Foundation.
 Then raise the Fabrick; Confident hereby
 T' align't a term of perpetuity:

Whilst

While Lesser Artists failing of that Care
 And skill, erect them Castles in the Aire,
 An Element unconstant, which betrays
 To Ruine whatsoever there those raise.

Such, and no Other are They, so profess
 To add by Reformation, happiness ;
 Yet want the Basis for to build upon
 To make it last, Humiliation ;
 When others seemingly cast on the flore,
 Yet are reform'd no better than before :
 So here Foundation without Building is,
 And there a Building on a Precipice.

Wherefore let me be humbled first, and then
 Reform so, as never to sin agen :
 Blending these two together, with intent
 To Build an Everlasting Monument.

A Carroll.

A Wake dull Soul, and from thy fold of Clay
 Receive the blessed Tydings of the Day :
 Not of a Foxes Cubb, whose guile might be
 A promise of successive Tyrannie.
 Nor o' th' Victorious Eagles farr spread wing,
 The chiefeft of the Worlds parts covering :

But of a Lamb that's yeand, a Childe that's born,
 No Spectacle of Glory, but of Scorn ;
 For in the house of bread, This Bread of life,
 For us, is come to *Ioseph* and his wife :
 And though the City *David's* were, therein
 His Son no Throne Possesses, but an Inn.

Luk. 2.

8. 10.

13.

32.

2. 1.

John 1. 29.

Luke 2.

17.

11.

7.

4. 5.

H

There

There thou maist finde him, at whose mean, low birth,
 The mightiest Potentates of all the Earth,
 Nay Oracles, are silenced and gon,
 Nor longer serve the Devils delusion.

The Delphian Fiend confesses, He's o'come.

And by an Hebrew-born-Childe stricken dumb.

Don,
Sudas,
Nicpho.

The Letters of th'Old Law effaced are,
 Down falls the Statue of great Jupiter,
 With th'Twins, and their nursing Beast : which shour
 Of Prodigies, rouse up the Emperour,
 Who thus farr in the dark could see, t'ereft
 In honor of th'Almighty Architect,
 An Altar in the Capitoll to's Son
 First-born, with the sole dedication.

If Light thus thorow darknes shone, why is't,
 That thou who hast the Gospels beams, the mist
 Of errors canst not dissipate, but still
 Becom'st Idolater in doing ill ?

Psalm 41.
 20.

How doth thy Pride and Envie hatch deceit,
 And fond Ambition raise thee in conceit
 Of thine own worth, when all such honors can
 But dress thee up more stately Beast, no Man ?
 The Serpents brood like Twins doe always Pare,
 Which by Thy beastly humors fostered are :
 Thy tongue no more thy hearts cros-row doth spell,
 Than if thou were't an Other Oracle :

1 Cor. 6.
 12.

Be silent then, nor longer more prophane
 That Holy Temple, for which thou art tane ;
 But let the Lambs blood wash away the stains
 And Characters were written in thy veins
 By thy first Parents, and which silence thou hast
 By thy Endeavours into Volumes cast,

Throw

(57)

Throw down thy self for Him who meekly came
Into the world for thee, a Childe, a Lamb,
Born to be Slain for thee, yet slain before,
To make the Victory and Conquest more.
Humility's a Childe ; a Giant, Pride ;
Goliah from the hand of *David* dide ;
So though like Foes, thy ill Affections grow
Unto immensity, a Powerfull throw
Out of the Sling of Faith, of Hope, and Love,
May all that Monstrous-uncouth-brood remove.
Then maist thou raign without suspition, free
As *Pharaoh* did, till this Nativitie :
Then shall Thy Conscience Oraclife thy Fate,
Than was *Augustuses* more Fortunate ;
Nor in the Capitoll, but in thy Hart
Erect an Altar to Him, let each Part
Expres thou art awake, and seeing canst tell,
That now Salvation's come to Israel.

Psalms 14.
II.

*In Pueros Bethlehemiticos quos Herodes morte
Christi causâ mulctavit.*

Mat. 2. 16.

*[Innocuis nocuit, Iusto dum Injusta minatur,
Infanda Infantum Laureæ Pœna dabat.*

H 2

My

*My Handkerchief to dry my eyes after the losse
of a most dear Friend.*

L Ord, sithence the best
Of Thine,
Their Portions have
Or Sorrow, Sicknefs, and the Grave :
Why should the worst repine,
Though Thou lock'ft up their chiefeft joyes in rest ?

Joyes, here but Lent,
And so
That we can fay,
W' enjoy them for a day,
'Tis of meer Mercy, when for all we owe,
The Landlord must distrain to have his rent.

This the unthrifty course we take,
Begets,
Whilst Pity mov'd, he tells
Us, He'll repair our tottering Cells,
And quite strike off our former debts,
If with Contentment, thankfulness partake.

These against sadness are
An Antidote,
Preventing its Cold Poyson, and
A heat-allaying-Julep, where Thy hand
Doth Thy displeasure in a Fever note :
They stile the Grave, whether 'tbe near or farre,
T'be but a Bed ; wherein when all must sleep,
Let them rest envy'd, for our Sins we'll weep.

On

On the Proto-Martyrs Death.

They w'r of *Deucalions* race, could be of no other,
 Who ston'd St. *Stephen*, *Pyrrha* was their Mother.

*In Epiphaniam, five manifestationem.**Pfal. 148. 3.*

*D*Um manifesta Novo Christi quæ Gentibus Astro
 Lux hodierna refert, Astra loquantur Ave.

*A Morning Fancy upon recovery from sickness, and
 the birth of a Son at the same time.*

Mark but the Sluggards shame, the Change
 Where Pismires numerouſly doe range ;
 And you'll conclude, no fight ſo quick to try
 Diſtinction in Thoſe Creatures induſtry.

See but a ſhower of Motes that ſeem to beat
 Some buſie Traffick in a Sun-beams heat :
 Then tell me what eye's ſo diſtinctiall,
 As for to fingle One out of them all.

This, as much Leſs is Man, whoſe numerous fry
 Fills the world to preſerve poſterity :
 And yet there was an Eye both frown'd and ſmil'd ;
 A Sickneſs here, but there a Lovely Child.

Singling out One, to ſhew at once the room,
 Where's Mercy do His Judgments overcom :
 And when the Fatherly Chaiſement's don,
 Crowns him the joyfull Father of a Son.

What

What can be here return'd ? the full expence
Of a whole Summers toyl and providence,
Or such a pack of lighter Merchandize,
As in the Sun delight to exercise ?

These, and no better are what we can raise,
To shew our thanks, saving a heart of praise,
Which God Himself must give ; and then 'tis no more,
Than t'borrow of one, to pay the same a score.

Yet Lord, here be my Creditor, and lend
A Soul, that may so much to Thanks pretend :
That whilst it seeks thine own but to restore,
Thou by acceptance maist create it more.

Psal. 82.
6, 7.

*From God to all Princes for moderation in
taxing their Subjects.*

Ezek. 45. 9.

THough styled Gods, yet must ye die like men,
Saith God the Lord : Hear what he speaks agen,
Whose Children if you'd all accounted be,
(O Israels Princes) leave off cruelty :
And let your judgments, Justice so put on,
That there be no room for Oppression :
Neither exact from those who call you Lord,
More than your needs require, their powers afford.

1 Cor. 1. 31.
Psal. 105.
119.
Psal. 8. 6.

Verbum Dei manet in æternum.
LÆtari in Domino juvet ; & cum Lubrica turbent,
Solamen Verbum Nocte dieque suum.

Ut

(61)

*Vt fit & Cogitationibus, Verbisque, Factisque
propitius Omnipotens.*

Great God in whom all Justice reigns
And Truth,
Let not the reins of youth,
So slacken in me still,
T'enthrall and Captivate my thoughts to Ill,

Much less my Deeds : but as thy Son
Begun
Where *Solomon*
Laid Ston :
So make thy house my heart,
And scourge out of it each Mechanick part.

Neither let words that die when spoke,
Provoke
My Soul to think,
They'l sink
Into Oblivion,
As soon as They are uttered and gon.

Place a Sentinell before
My dore,
That by my Tongue
be song,
No Anthem but Thy Praise,
Nor let it ever send forth other Layes.

Thus

Thus may my thoughts and words, which usher on
 My Deeds to Action,
 By Thy Divine Power purg'd from th' dross of Sin,
 Pave me a Golden Tract to Progress in :
 Which if thou crown with Grace too, let appear
 Dormant, yet watchfull, ceasing never heer.

Non est bonum ludere cum sanctis.

*Mat. 4. 2.
 Luke 1. 75.
 1/ju. 60. 1, 2.*

*Omnis Caro moritur,
 Et Sol Injustitiæ Oritur,
 Proferens Sanitatem,
 Si volumus,
 In Alis ;
 Quâ curet Vanitatem,
 Quam Colimus
 In malis.
 Ideo Qui timet Omen Inferni,
 Metuat Nomen Æterni ;
 Et absit prævaricari,
 Si velis Sanari.*

*Ad Angliam in quinti Novembris
 Feriam Annualem.*

*Festum quid proferas Insula ? quid Diem
 Commemoratione dignam existimes
 Si Hanc prætercas ? in quâ Mirabilis
 Acta est benignitas Liberationis
 Qualem qui comparet Antiquis seculis,
 Parem inveniat nusquam in Antavis,*

Gigantum

*Gigantum licet repetat Fabulam,
 Quod Cælum Ipsum stultitiâ petitur ;
 Mons super Montem palam ostenditur,
 Ast hîc ad Centrum usque & Infernas
 Terrarum nigras itur Cavernas :
 Monet apertâ fronte malities,
 Sed cæca jugulat, neque à pendente
 Malo, quam à periculo latente
 Tam dirum Nefas ; munit Conditio
 In quâ prævalida stet admonitio.
 Serpens Innocuus dummodo tuendus,
 Quoniam Reptilis facîle fugiendus
 Herbarum sub umbra conditus metuendus.
 Cui nec dissimiles Dolos fuisse
 Hos subterraneos, Quos latuisse
 Usque ad Vigiliam Diei festi,
 Memineris in quâ Manifesti
 Amoris Divini patuere Radii.
 O ! si mihi faveat Arcadiæ
 Terra, vel Nemus, ut inveniam in Illis
 Quibuscum notare Diem, Lapillis,
 Ut mos Veterum, nec mihi Rubro
 Tinctus sit Calamus atramento,
 Cum Luceat Dies & à sanguine Liberata :
 Nigroque carbone notata
 Nusquam Conveniat ; nam licet Atra
 Machinatio Ista & Tartarea
 Frustravit Hanc Dominus, & Tenebrarum
 Orcum fugavit Lumine Gratiarum.
 Tutior Anglia ut in posterum fies
 Cordibus Gratis notetur Dies.*

Quid maxime semper in votis habeat.

V Otis si faveant Numina sereni,
 Peccatis Placeant parcere; quantum
 Parce Temporis & cedere posteris
 Vita Limitibus celint
 Texetur Melioribus
 Telis in addant.

Contemptu in habeat Splendi la Seculo in
Hec Nagalia: nam in Vespere Condita est
Auroræ facies, nec rugit amplius,
Cum Nox a lfucrii Dies
Leti, sic Thalamis modo
Permit Omnis.

Dum mare est fugiat Machina Tartari,
Nec in Meridion Sordida contrahat,
Vesfortunaque tunc Tempora conspiciit
Latus, In lictum caput,
Sperat Cælia, at Impetibus
Altera juadet.

Times Montage.

OF all the scattered Brood,
 Or Brotherhood,
 Drawn from Creations line,
 T' Raron Providence divine;
 The Worm, the Snail,
 The Ant, the Fly,
 Not make discovery
 What A law did entail
 On His posterity.

To

(65)

To dwell with Duft and Clay,
Which Symptome may
Mans Low condition,
That without intermission
Heaps up with care
What here is got,
And Ignorant knows not,
Thefe Transitory are,
Nor fhall endure, but rot.

What was *Domitians* game,
Or th'Sluggards fhame,
The Bloodlefs creeping beaft
Carries his houle wherein to reft,
Or Leglefs one,
But Emblemer
Of frailty, would infer
Danger to be trod upon
By every Paffenger.

And doe we break our eafe,
To follow thefe ?
Fly at preferments pitch ;
And adding to our heaps grow rich
In Muck and Slime ?
When 'tis our Soul
Immortall fhould controul,
And fo Calcine our time
From all fuch drofs to Gould.

Which by afflictions tri'd,
And worldly croffes purifi'd,
Our Great Redeemer will apply
His stamp to give it currency. I 2 In

Parab.

*In Divitem & Lazarum.*Luke 16,
19.

Dives Quidam Ingens, sed nondum Nomine Dignus,
Purpuero Decoratus erat; Victuque Superbo
Gaudet & Apsiduis Dapibus; nec sumptibus ullis
Parcitur, Ingluviem Queis possit pascere Fædam,
Sed Mare Consulitur Totum, & longinqua Potestas
Terrarum excutitur; nec non Iunonia Regna
Addunt Ingenuis cumulativè præmia Mensis:
Nec deerat, nisi Flammiferens Ignisque futurus.
Mortuus Iste tamen, Somno Lethale sepultus
Dicitur ——— nil aliud ———

Pauper & Alter erat, gracilis Quem buccæ reddit
Speclandum Charitate Magis, nudisque lacertis,
Frigidus ante fores procumbens Divitis, Omne
Solacium à Canibus Lambentibus esse fatetur:
(Non etenim blando hoc captanda est gloria fæclo)
Mortuus est etiam: Sed Queis discrimine vitæ
Dissimilis Fortuna fuit, His Mortis & idem:
Nempe; Quod in fragilis gaudetur tempore mundi
Vertitur in Lachrymas; Durissima quæque fuit
Illius Arbitria, accipiunt pro munere Pectus.

Upon

Vpon the Rich Glutton, and Poor Begger. Parable.

THere was a Certain Mighty Rich man, had
 No other name (in Scripture) although clad
 In Purple : who delitiously did fare
 Daily, for which there neither Cost nor Care
 Was spar'd, to feed his Gluttony with store,
 Of what the Seas could yeeld when Galed ore ;
 And whatfome'r both Earth and Air afford,
 Seem'd Heaped Tributes to his quainter bord :
 So that no Element to his desire
 Was Niggard, save what was reserv'd, the Fire.
 Yet this man Died, and on that sleepy score
 Was Buried —— and no more ——

There was an Other, whom spare Diet made
 More spectacle for Charity, being laid
 Naked and Cold before the Rich mans gate ;
 Who full of sores, and all Disconsolate,
 Saving from what the licking Dogs apply,
 Concludes all this worlds pomp but flattery :
 Then He Dies too. But as in life these were
 Nothing akin, so in Diameter
 Death Their Condition states, for now 't appears,
 What here was sown in Joy, there's reapt in tears ;
 And He who by hard Fate was here opprest,
 In *Abrams* Bosom finds an Interest.

A Reveille Mattin to my best Friend.

Lord, when the Casements of Mine eyes,
To welcom in
The Morn, first open'd are ;
Grant that my Heart may early sacrifice
To Expiate for Sin,
Prepare :
And mustring up Thy Favours and Its Crimes,
Cashiere the One, let th'other stand enrold
To evidence at full that Time of Times
Wherein Thou Ransom'dst me, who once was sold.

Let all the Drowfie Vapours preft
My Fancy down,
Dispell and give it way
To rise betimes, and to be better drest ;
So Dignifie and Crown
The Day
With Anthems may set forth that Glorious flame
Thy love burft out in, when my fault was so,
I'd line for e'r benighted in the same,
Hadst Thou not vanquisht and o'rcome my fo.

Cause (I beseech thee) that moist dew
That falls upon
My waking Temples trefs
By every yawn, Thy goodness taught to shew,
An Exhalation
Express,

Obeying

Obeying no heat save what did proceed
From that most Righteous Sun, whose beams alone
Were of full Power to refine the deed
Our Parents Drofs'd by their Corruption.

And as My Armes unfolded stand,
To fathom out
The Latitude, as't were,
'Twixt the Beds either side Meridian :
Let my Thoughts fore about
That Sphere,
Unparalleld for Grace : and stretch to be
Embracers of those Mercies did extend
Beyond all founding Plummet or degree,
And thither all my Kids and Fatlings fend.

Thus tane by th'hand by His whose felt
What mine deserv'd,
I'm up ; and straight perceive
The Mornings Birth Bedew'd with His Whose, smelt
All of Perfumes, and serv'd
T' conceive
Such Raptures in Me, that no part nor sense
Could be at quiet, till it rose to make
This Offering, and from a full influence,
Inspir'd of Love, Dull Thankfulness t'forfake.

Now if my Eyes, my Heart, my Head, my Armes,
Embrace, Contemplate, feeling, seeing Charmes,
Where can this Exorcism trulier stay,
Than on that Star which chang'd our Night to day ?

Quid

Quid Amabilis.

IF I must needs Discover
 I am in Love : be Christ again my Lover,
 And let His Passion bring
 My Actions to their touch and censuring :
 Who in this world was born,
 Liv'd in it, and was put to death with scorn,
 That I to Sin might die
 Being born again, so live eternally :
 Thus I'll no longer make
 Addresses to my Glass for this Curles sake,
 Or that quaint garb, whereby
 I may enchanted be with flattery :
 Nor on Luxurious vow,
 Becircling Rose-buds seek to Gird my brow ;
 But with a melting thought
 Bring home that Ransom whereat I was bought,
 In Contemplation
 Of that same Platted Crown He once had on.
 And when my Glove or Shoo
 Want Ribbond, Call for th' Nails that pierc'd Him too :
 Else farther to be drest,
 Borrow the Tincture of His naked brest :
 Nor wash, but in Soul Pride,
 Then use no other bason than His Side :
 So, up and ready, think
 How He, for Me, low in the grave did sink,
 That I again might rise
 With Him, who was both Priest and Sacrifice,
 To make atonement in
 The Difference 'twixt his Fathers wrath, Mans sin ;
 Whereeto it must remain,
 That I through Faith requite this love again.

Quare

Luke 24.
5, 6.

Quare { Viventem
inter
Mortuos } quantis ? { Non Hic
enim
surrectus } est.

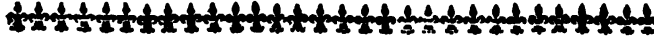
17

Lum. iii. { Luxuria &
Libidine, &
Arrrogantia &
Avaritia,
Tranquillitate
& Tyrannide } { Et in omnium
deniq; malorum
consuetudine
conquiescamus, } { Ut
tamquam } { Mortui }

{ Salvatorem &
Salvationem,
Veritatem &
Vitam,
Immortalitatem &
Immortalitatem, } { Denique quicquid bonorum ex
omni munificentia & singulari
providentia largiri dignetur ;
Omnipotens, petere conemur ;
quid aliud nisi eventum inter
Mortuos quarimus ? }

Ut itaq; { Mortis amaritudine relicta
Vita felicitatis fruamur eternus } { Vita vivamus ut pote ad
mortem eternam du-
centia, & Amphoram
amplectemur aqua
Caleſtis. }
*Nequitiā in nobismetipsis necemus,
Ut beneficia Resurrecti acquiramus.
Descendamus per penitentiam pro
peccato in nostro-
rum ipsorum Contemptum,
Ut Ascendamus per benevolentiam
humilitatis ipsius
in Gloriam.*
Sic responsum habeamus,
Quando Sponsum videmus, { Vi deposita Terræstri
simus induti cum celesti.
Et sepultis in sepulchro Carnalibus,
Non illic speretur frui spiritualibus. }
hic { sunt &
cū illis } { non enim } { Anima }
Sed veritas de talibus dici potest { resurrecti } { nostra. }
*Felices ter & amplius,
Qui Peccato ita Mortui fuerint
Ut simul cum Christo quam certissime resurrexi-
rint.*

Place this after Page (70)



The necessity and grounds of Faith.

MAN in the state of Innocency, knew
 Nothing to fear (whom all things were set under)
 But was Created by perfections pattern,
 And so above all hopes : till he whose Pride
 Sent him like Lightning from the place of Blifs,
 To become Prince of Darknefs, (which alone
 Proves Nurse to Envie and Malicioufnefs :)
 Drowned in his hopelefs Fortunes, seeks all means
 To make fond Man partaker of his woe
 By Deprivation, not of Paradife
 Alone, but of the glorious Makers prefence ;
 And of those Vifions Beatificall,
 The Banifhment from which, is Held to be
 The Chief of Torments threatned for degree :
 So 'twas decreed, to sharpen Satans Crime,
 Sweeten Gods Mercy : t' caufe his Comforts lefs,
 Gods glory to appear by much the more ;
 And therefore mark how 't fals out ; Man's alone,
 So God provides him for Companion
 Part of himfelf, a help, but fuch, whose skill
 Fit to receive the subtil Serpents guile,
 And help to cheat too, when the fubject's, Pride,
 Ambition, or the like, what ere's forbidden ;
 As ftraight betrays him to the greateft offence
 He could have fain in, Difobedience.
 Now whilft he seeks to know, hee's Ignorant,
 Yet knows more than he fould, That he was nak'd,

Gen. 1. 26.

Gen. 1. 28.

Luk. 10. 18.

2 Pdt. 2. 4.

Jude 6.

Rev. 20. 10.

Gen. 3. 24.

Gen. 4. 16.

Ezek. 1. 5, 15.

Gen. 2. 20.

Gen. 2. 23, 18.

Gen. 3. 1,

5,

6,

7,

K

And

And so provides him Leaves to Cover that
 Which without Leave he thus was stript into.
 Nor rests he there secure ; it seems the guilt
 Of what he had done, presented as a glass
 His Souls deformity through Nakedness,
 10, In not beleaving God, (whose Voice but heard)
 8, They Boldly enter Thickets, though afraid :
 Hence may that Passion count its age, and then,
 What antidote prescribable, save hope,
 That still Looks forward, 'less in Promises
 Which calls the thoughts back, to see what shall come :
 And this must work by Faith, and Faith recall
 15, The first Seducers Doom, (to be o'come
Heb. 11. 2. By the same sexes Issue, was o'come first,
 Which is the substance of our wish'd Desires,
Rom. 8. 24. And Evidence of what each soul admires,
Job. 1. 16. Yet sees not, though thereby Salvation's wrought,
2 Cor. 1. 20. And Grace to win it ; Absence prompts the minde
Job. 3. 15, To Incredulity ; till faithfulness,
 16, Grounded upon those Promises ne'r fail)
Luke 23. 2, Assures it self of Pardon and forgiveness,
 24, Through him that was accus'd, condemn'd and died,
 46, Yet Lives to try, and Judge hereafter all.
Rom. 8. 34. By whose alone sufficiency of Merits,
1 Tim. 2. 5. And intercession as our Mediator,
 There is found ground and Ankerage for Hope
Ephes. 2. 9. To Stretch the Justifying Cable on ;
 When all that ever from our selves proceeds,
 Avails us nothing, but t' increase misdeeds :
 Yet as a Body without motion,
Jam. 2. 26. Or spirits quickening, so Faith alone,
 Without some operative concurrences
 Is Dead, not Lively, but a Dream or Shadow,

Chime-

Chimera, or such like, wherein we seem
 To have some fancy-glimmerings of the truth,
 Yet not beleeve it, nor so much awake
 As t' apprehend Christ and his benefits :
 So suit our works according to his will,
 Whose will it was to suffer that which we
 Deserved had : and t' undergo the wrath
 We justly had pull'd down upon our selves.
 The outward sense prevails much with our nature,
 And every one is apt to apprehend
 Some wonders thence : from Lightning, Thunder, Hail,
 The stormie Winds and Tempests (without doubt,
 Gods warning-peece) laden with Natures Cartridge,
 Whereat the very Heathen fear and tremble,
 And the Meer worldling is convinc'd thereby
 To think there is a God, whilst all the fruits
 And benefits the earth repays him with
 For all his sweat and labour, he ascribes
 Solely to th' Seasons temperature and bounty,
 Not thinking in whose Fift the deeps and hills are ;
 And Both (for Nature couples them) impute
 What ever good successes they obtain,
 Or health, strength, wealth enjoy, to Casualty,
 Chance, or Good Fortune, (as they call it) born
 To tread a few steps here, and then return
 They know not whither, they beleeve still well :
 So how they should beleeve well, scorn to Learn ;
 When on the contrary, that Soul subdues
 The motions of the sensuall appetite,
 Which causes surfet upon outward means,
 And fixes all Imagination
 Up to the Throne from whence all blessings rain,

1 *Thes.* 1. 10.*Ephes.* 2. 3.*Nero, &c.**Psal.* 95. 4.*Luk.* 1. 46,

49,

50,

51,

52,

53.

K 2

And

And Chastements but drop, (yet so, as when
 They melt, not with their often fall,
 They fairly doe confound and break withall,
 Is in purchase of the Makers praise,
 And contemplation of that work of Wonders,
 Made the Centurion first think of God :
 He both beleeve the Sampler, and endeavour
 To work it stitch by stitch, whereof such Love
 Was never shewn before, begins the Thred,
 Humility and Meekness seconds it ;
 Charity, Patience, and Long-sufferance
 Winde up the Bottom : for these well Cast o're,
 Will perfect Faith, so that it need no more,
 To Rise to him that did descend for Us,
 And bring his Mercies down to take that rise by,
 Craving his Healing Wings to Impe our Feathers,
 That so we flagg not through [our] Lafiness
 Towards what good is, nor yet make a plain-
 Discovery that our quarry still is earth,
 But like the true-bred Chicken of the Eagle,
 With rais'd up Beak behold the glorious Sun,
 That Sun of Righteousness, till all the Dark
 And misty Vapours that our sins had rais'd
 Disspell and vanish at his Merits Rayes.
 No Balm from *Gilead* may refresh and heal
 The fettered sores of our Corruptions,
 But such as that *Samaritan* applyes :
 For as our Leprousie through sin was grown
 To a more cankered Infection
 Then *Naman*, the *Assyrian's*, and *Gahesies* :
 There must another *Jordan* be found out
 To work the cure ; a Purple stream of blood

Flowing

Flowing out of a precious saving Side,
 To wash our Souls white, when apply'd by Faith ;
 Not onely Seven times, but all that Time
 Alots us here to breath in : That Disease
 Compar'd to snow, being cur'd, resumes the flesh
 Of a young Infant : Here an Infants flesh
 And blood not spar'd, procures so bright a tincture,
 As that no snow can parallel for whiteness :
 The Lambs blood-washed Robes, wherein the Saints
 Are clad here, first by Christian faith and Grace,
 And therein drest, hereafter enter glory ;
 So thenceforth shall we promise happiness
 Unto our selves in each condition ;
 When our Assurance, for foundation,
 Hath the try'd Corner-stone, and all the fabrick
 Is pedestall'd upon those precious piles
 He bore, and bore him, bidding us bear after.
 And by which plenall satisfaction,
 The Vials of his Fathers wrath were stopt.
 God by reproof sends Sluggards to the Ant,
 Proud Courtlings to th' Riches of the fields :
 And why should we not think that we are taught
 By Love, to love again ? were our hearts iron,
 A Loadstone might attract them, and (such Love is)
 Doe the milde Turtles so engage themselves
 By Natures mandate, That the loss of one,
 Denies the other benefit of Like ?
 And shall we not repent that benefit
 Our Saviour purchas'd for us, quitting Life,
 To make ours sure for ever ? Or, how is't
 We can survive, not droop and pine away,
 For our offence (which was the cause) we ought,

2 King. 5. 27,
 14.
Luke 2. 21.

Job 1. 29.
Rev. 19. 8.

Isa. 28. 16.
Luke 23. 26.
Phil. 2. 8.
Mat. 10. 38.

Rev. 16. 1.
Prov. 6. 6.
Matth. 6. 28.

Magnes Amo-
 ris Amor.

2 Cor. 5. 15.

And

K 3

1 Cor. 15. 21 And the Dominion that sin hath o'r us,
 Else 'tis an other lesson Grace instructs,
 Luke 24. 26 And that's to entertain his Sufferings
 1 Pet. 2. 24 As our enlargement, his Stripes, for our healings ;
 Embracing all those Bounties with such Souls,
 May ready be to melt and to dissolve
 1 Cor. 6. 4 In tears contritionall for their Corruptions ;
 5 Yet rais'd with Comfort of such Mercies, Riches,
 6 Be fruitfull in the works of Piety
 10 Henceforth, and praises of his holy Name
 Eph. 1. 23 Who is the Fountain, and must give the same :
 1 John 4. 14 Unless with *Bartimeus* we were blinde,
 Gen. 3. 7 How do we not perceive the Clay we tread on,
 To be the substance whereof we were made :
 And by the Sun that Attom'd into dust,
 Tells us but what we must dissolve into :
 Or like the Shadow represents us, see
 We not what 'tis, and what we all shall bee ?
 That in observance of our bubble Thoughts,
 We still aspire, and make our Fancies dance
 Within the Imaginary pool of Pride,
 Or sea of Self-conceit ; This not of Eyes,
 But dimness of the Minde is too too bad,
 Wherewith bemittled in our apprehensions,
 We dream we fathom all perfections,
 And yet but grope after the least of truths,
 It may be in the twilight of our reason,
 We offer at obedience to our actions,
 And seek to be rewarded : If what we hear
 2 Cor. 5. 14 For us knowd our path a great Pollution.
 15 Master of Death once was given us
 Upon that Shell : and thus through lack of Faith :

Had

Had he but had so much, as t'have compar'd
 With that least Grain of all, no Mountain could
 Have bragg'd of firmness 'gainst his moving power.
 But to shew truly what esteem we ought
 To set upon our selves, 'tis here set down,
 When the prophetick Prince, and Prince of Prophets,
 Compares his Royalties but to a Worm ;
 And by the best Authority can vouch,
 An innocent, and little harmless Childe
 Is plac'd for us to imitate : And those
 Who would aspire great blessings of salvation,
 For to be Last is First, and First but Last,
 Least greatest, greatest Least : Epitomise
 Our selves, and we become voluminous
 In Graces Library : when if we swell
 With pride of our own Worth, the smallest vent
 Un-winds that blather, blasting our intent :
 And that we may once more Example scan,
 Consider th' Pharisee and Publican.
 But if all these not serve to break our ston
 And iron hearts ; mark what he Rode upon
 Into the City, who Salvation brings,
 And when he lifts rides on the Windes swift wings.
 Doth the least cross or rubb we meet withall,
 Set our whole little world afire, and raise
 Tempestuous motions to disturb the rest
 And quiet of our Souls : Prompting revenge ?
 And yet behold, our Food and Raiments friend
 Led to the slaughter, Dumb, and to the Shearers
 Without an angry Bleat to shew distaste !
 Are we so frozen-handed, that we fear
 To open any help to those that need,
 Upon this scruple, lest thereby we seem

Mat. 17. 20.*Psalms* 22. 6.*Matth.* 18. 3.*Mat.* 20. 16.*Mark* 9. 35.*Luke* 9. 48.*Luke* 18. 11.

12.

3.

John 9. 9.*Psalms* 18. 10.*Psalms* 44. 11.*John* 31. 20.*John* 51. 7.

To

For Merit to start out at,
 But with him in whom all Lies,
 That our Faith were lame,
 So we are for to support the fame ;
 His Name who fed the hungry,
 Who heal'd both Lane and Blinde,
 Whom here he was amongst us)
 So in our imitation
 (As walk by) we doe refresh
 As *Abraham* with water,
 Whom may help necessity,
 As if it, as to him 'twere given,
 For our recompence is Heaven.
 Hee when mov'd to any wrath,
 Whom we daily do transgreffe
 His deeces, who as the farcell
 Under of his Mercies wings,
 Hee above all his other Works,
 Hee patience, and delays due Judgment,
 Hee Repentance with more time,
 Hee how He bore the Taunt
 Hee what hee can on him, nor the Buffet,
 Hee sufferings on, all that disgrace,
 Hee we could contrive for us
 Hee we do lefs ; and then perchance
 Hee may procure our temperance.
 Hee the kinde of phraze,
 Hee that died for us, yet still
 Hee the patience that we are alive,
 Hee the one benefit ;
 Hee the wayes, what in us lies
 Hee the end of Life each houre :

As

As when our thoughts forge mischief on our beds,
 Are not his temples Crown'd anew with thorns ?
 Our hands that should be open to Relieve,
 If that they graspe more than our own, so thief
 Or work oppression : and our feet are swift
 In shedding Blood too : how doe such again
 Nail his unto the Crofs ? our tongues are tipt
 With poyson'd Envies and Malicioufness,
 False lying, slanders, all that's impious,
 Tuning our Lips to Blasphemy, and loose
 Unfavoury talk. Doe they not seem to spit
 On him afresh ? tearing that window open
 With our spear-pointed Discord, that let in
 The Gall-lefs Dove brought the true branch of Peace
 And Reconcilement, whilst from thence did flow
 A Crimfon shower of pure Compassion,
 And fatisfying Mercy in the height,
 His Side (I mean) that like *Noes* Ark had been
 Our safeties from the Deluge wrought by him,
 And now Remains our pledg, that those that flie
 Unto that Sanctuary never Die.
 We through our Natures weaknes, not of power
 To give the Least of Sufferings resistance,
 Although we promise fair, as *Peter* did,
 May here be taught to trust so far to Faith,
 Not that proceeds from vain security,
 Left then the Crowing-Cock give us the lie ;
 But such whereby we are Regenerate,
 And Justify'd, more than bare Law could promise,
 As to o'come the great'st temptation,
 And judge the Buffetings of Satan Blessings ;
 The World, the wildernes, and Every high

L

Pfal. 36. 4.*John* 19. 34.*Luke* 22. 33.

34.

Rom. 3. 28.*Matth.* 4. 1.

8, 5.

Conceit

To break the Ice for
 So seek to share with
Gal. 5. 6. As if we knew not
1 Cor. 13. 1. Without the
 And that
 Cur'd
 Adm
Luke 19. 9. All
 A
Deut. 15. 7.
Mat. 25. 4.
Luke 16. 6.
 rubs wings,
 mie,
 betrays
 power,
 circle
 sumption :
 suffering, patience,
 work :
 graces,
 Let's come home
 to Day, (for who can tell to
 narrow shall belong?) and in that
 the Prodigall i'th Parable,
 with love and meekness,
 embracing Armes.
 subtily we have been,
 the caves of Earth,
 ;
 did spare no pains
 through the earths dark vains
 wings again to light.
 requires the Finers art,
 and to be cut :
 the Furnace and became

Chief

(81)

Chief Jeweller, for 'twas the Blood o'th Lamb,
Not of he-Goats could serve ; and if we grinde
Our selves for Sin to powder, we'r Refin'd
So as at first we were, unman'd by her
Should be our help, that still she might so prove
God brings't about ; no other Vessell serves
To entertain a gheft of so great price,
As that must Ranfome all the world besides,
But of that Sex : and though the news at first
Strook terrour and amazement, afterwards
It was sole Remedy against fear : for as
The name of *Cæsar* to the Seaman once,
Prov'd of security, sufficient
To make him put to Sea : So here the Virgin
Assured that 'twas *Emmanuel* she carryed,
Gave *Ioseph* courage not t'abandon Her ;
But casting Anchor on those promises,
To become full of Faith, and by what ere
The Lord suggested In that Course to steer.
Thus was time brought abed of what its young
And tender Infancy had onely shewn
By Revelation to the Patriarchs,
Prophets, and men of God ; and which now past,
Upon these latter Times by Faith is cast :
So he that was before all time begun,
Came in the fulness, and remains a Son
To mediate with the Father, that our fears
Cancell'd by Faith, we might become Coheirs.

Heb. 10. 4.

Heb. 9. 12.

The sacrifices of the Old,
but shadows of the new.

A Diamond dissolvable
by Goats blood, and to be
cut with the help of its own
powder.

Luke 1. 28.

29.

Quid Times ?
Cæsarem &
fortunam suam
vebis, Luca.

Matth. 1. 23,

24.

Gen. 12. 3.

Isa. 7. 14.

John 3. 15.

Gal. 4. 4, 5.

1 *Tim.* 2. 5.

1 *Sam.* 17.

26, 36.

Psal. 3. 6.

L 2

Bona

Bona	Regni Terreni	<i>Potestas</i> <i>Honor</i> <i>Divitiæ</i> <i>Deliciæ :</i>	quibus op- ponuntur	<i>Infirmitas</i> <i>Ignominia</i> <i>Paupertas</i> <i>Luctus.</i>
	Regni Cælestis	Hæc { <i>Temporaria</i> sive <i>Sempiterna.</i>		<i>Illis.</i>

Joyes Flitting Pleasures, Transitory Lie.
Accompanied with much Infirmities
Below here : whilst without th' allay of wo,
Heav'n for eternity doth those bestow.

The Brazen Serpent.

THe world's a Wilderness, and Man therein
Exposed to the bite and sting of Sin,
Whose wages, Death, from that same curse began,
Ushering in need of a Physitian :
Then did the Great Creator of Mankind
(And all things else) a ready Balm find
To cure those wounds, corrupted Nature so
Contracted had for its own overthrow :
Whose Mercy by a Type, at first invites
Unto belief the stiff-neck'd Israelites,
Brings *Moses* into credit as they pass,
By setting up a Serpent made of Brass,
To foil Sin at's own weapon, and to bring
The future hopes of our recovering

By



(83)

By Him alone who lifted on the Tree,
A curf'd Death endur'd to fet us free ;
His goared Head, Pierc'd Side, and Hands and Feet,
With Crown of Thorns, and Spears, and Nails did meet,
That we might tread on Carpets, and become
Coheirs with Him in truest Elizium :
That bitter Cup he did vouchsafe to pledg,
For us whose teeth by fower grapes fet on edg,
Were almost helpless ; must incite us on,
To seek the liquor of falvation.
Taste Vineger and Gall here first, and be
Greatly Ambitious of humilitie ;
Cast down our selves for him was raif'd for us,
If we desire to rise Glorious.
Bear Crosse, be rob'd and hurt, shame undergo,
Passe from *Ierusalem* to *Iericho*,
There meet with theeves, no healing hopes we can
Expect, but from This true *Samaritan*.

Good Fridays Reveille, or on the Passion.

Salutis Cataplasmus.

MAY we call this Dayes task to minde,
And prove we to each other still unkinde ?
Doth Passion bear o'r Reason sway,
Making us quite neglect this Passion day ?
Why are we suffer'd so to err,
As not t'remember our Great Sufferer
In Praises due ? who whilst He dies,
Shews what He'd have us doe for Enemies,
Forgive them first ; for thus He sues
Unto His Father for the curf'd Jewes :

L 3

Next,

(84)

Next, whatsoever Crosses come,
To be like Sheep before the Shearers, dumb ;
Or Lambs unto the Slaughter led
In Meekness, not with fury hurried :
Then through that Conflict He endur'd,
If humbly we beleeve we shall be cur'd ;
For it falls short in other art,
To frame a remedy for such a smart,
As from the sting of doing amiss,
In following Sin to death here heap'd up is ;
And to apply this Plaister, lay it on,
There needs no Others hand, save Faith's alone.

On Easter-day. 1648.

*Death, where is thy sting ?
Grave, where is thy victory ?*

E Ach thing below here hath its day,
As in the Proverb's said ;
And so it comes to pass that they
Conquer are Conquered.
For He who for mans fault assign'd
Death, and a Graves reward,
Was pleas'd those bands for to unbind,
And so himself not spar'd,
But issuing forth his heav'nly throne,
Vouchsafes the Earth to blefs,
And became here a little One
To make our Crimes goe less :
Not that our disobedience can
In weight or measure shrink ;

But

But that this Great Phyſitian
 Before us takes the drink,
 That bitter Potion we had
 Deſerv'd to quaff, and thus
 He weeps Himſelf, and becomes ſad
 To purchaſe Joy for us.
 And more than ſo : for every one
 Will for his friend lay down
 Some ſpark of love : but he alone
 His Enemies to crown
 Refuſ'd not Death ; ſo deep from high
 His Mercies did extend ;
 And if you ask the reaſon why,
 'Twas meer for Mercies end.
 Yet that grim Death and mouldy Grave
 No longer be His Priſon,
 Than He himſelf alone would have,
 He 'bides not there, but's riſen.
 And if we would as Conquerors riſe
 With him who vanquiſh'd thoſe,
 We muſt not fear where danger lies,
 For Him all to expoſe :
 But though the Grave doe open ſtand,
 And perſecutions reign,
 At Hels deſire and Deaths command,
 Look on our Sovereign,
 His Banner doth preſent the Croſs
 He bore, and bare Him too
 For us ; and we muſt count it loſs
 To fail what he did do.
 Thus Sin and Hell, the Grave and Death
 Muſt quit the field and fly,

Whilst

(86)

Whilst in contempt of borrow'd breath,
We'd live Eternally.
Thrice happy day whereon the Sun
Of Righteousness did rise,
And such a glorious Conquest won,
By being our Sacrifice :
And as unhappy He, that shall
Not finde the white and best
Of Stones to mark the same withall,
And priz't above the rest.

To Prince CHARLES, in Aprill, 1648.

Upon the hopes of his Return.

SEems not the Sun more Glorious in his ray,
When as the Cloud that shadowed's blown away ?
Is not each beam He darts then truly said,
Of triple heat after being sequestred ?
The Crimson streaks belace the Damask West,
Calcin'd by night, rise pure Gold from the East,
And cast so fair a Dapple o'r the Skies,
That all the Air's perfum'd with Spiceries :
And shall we think when Jealousie and fear
Are out of Breath, the Day of hope's not near ?
Doth it not bloom already, and untie
That stubborn knot of Incredulity ?
When blossomes fall, we say our Trees are set,
But so, as may a womb of fruit beget.
Thus when the clumsie Winter doth incline
His candid Icicles, for to resign

To

(87)

To *Flora's* beauty, and the Spring drives on,
T' oretake Maturity's perfection,
The Cold so tyrannised had o'r blood,
Is though'd, and each enjoys new livelyhood :
The Mariner meeting a streſs of weather,
That with his Shrowds and Tackle shakes together
His apprehensive thoughts, till they are spent,
And nought but Death and danger represent :
With what a full Sea of content doth he
Making a Coast embrace security ?
These, and much more, Illustrious Sir, become
The Issues of your little Martyrdome,
With whom all good and Loyall hearts did bring
Ambitious heat to joyn in suffering ;
For Seas prove calm when as the storm is ore,
And after Cold, warmth is of Comfort more.
Best Diamonds may haue foyles ; mistakes have gon
To blemish ; yet rais'd disposition
More splendid in esteem ; no more to say,
You are the *Aprill* to our future *May*.

To Easter Day.

WElcome Bleſt Day, whereon
The Sun
(Not of the Spheres alone)
Did rise,
But that of Righteousness, who shon
Our True-Light, was our Sacrifice.

M

For

(88)

For 'thad been night
With us,
Dark, Everlasting, Difmall, Vaporous,
Entail'd from our first Parents Appetite :
Till by the Power and Might
Of this Light of the world, our Shades took flight.

Death, Hell, the Grave
That ever Crave
And never satisfi'd appear,
No longer their Dominions have,
Sithence vanquish'd by this Conquerer,
Who doth enlighten every faithfull Sphere.

Now that each Orb consenting prove
The while,
And trulier might feel those comforts move
From so Great Light, such precious love
We must reflect, and back recoil,
To see what either hath in's Lamp of Oil.

For without Doubt
Their share is Darknes, let their lights goe out :
And where agen
Ones light doth shine through vertues before Men,
'Tis True Divinity,
Our Heav'nly Father's Glorifi'd thereby.

Solilo-

(89)

Soliloquium ad Salvatorem.

*Q*uid in Me conspicuum
Nisi Vitium?

*Q*uid in Tua facie
Nisi Gratia?

*Peccans ab Originale,
Non vult adhuc nisi Male.*

*Sed qui Tempus antecedit
In Tempore Seipsum dedit;*

*Vile Lutum,
Fit Pollutum.*

*Sanguine lavare,
Emundare.*

*Quænam est conceptio Mentis? vana, Ast, quod caro factum fuit
Seu Prophana: Verbum, instruit:*

*Verba sed (Hæc) nostra ventis
Parent; non rationi Mentis:*

*Dum quod scriptum est loquutus
Qui & vincetus, & solutus:*

*Facere nec quidquam lubet
De Illo, quod Ipse jubet.*

*Qui pro Illis quos creavit,
Nulla pati denegavit.*

*Verba Facta
Cor Correcta
Fac fuit,
Qui pro summa Laude,
Vacuus est ab omni fraude.
A M E N.*

The true Bread of Life. John 6. 48.

BRead is the staff of life, and life's the scope
Of every mans desire, aime, and hope;
Yet He who was the spoil of Death (for so
The *Syriack* renders him) yeelded thereto.

Lev. 26. 26.

Gen. 5. 25.

M 2

And

And after more than any else e're saw
 Of Years and Dayes, did at the last withdraw,
 To shew the frail condition here beneath
 Of those who in their Nostrills bear their breath :
 So that compar'd unto Eternall blifs,
 A Shadow, Bubble, Span, all Emblem This.
 Why then should Thoughts be tost to Court such Clay,
 But that Our natures mandate we Obay ?
 And may doe so, whilst appetite puts on
 No other gash have Moderation :
 The bounty *Ceres* from her Golden Ear
 Scatters to bleis the painfull Labourer,
 Comes from above too, yet when ground and bread,
 'Tis but our Tabernacle's nourished,
 And that but for a while ; the Soul must be
 Beholding to an Other Grainarie ;
 Not that which *Moses* Prayer caus'd to fall
 To satiate the Israelites withall ;
 Nor of such Barley-leaves grew once on earth,
 Wherewith *Moses* fed some in a Dearth :
 These might have hunger after ; but Those blest
 With the True batch of Life may ever rest
 So satisf'd, as with the height of store,
 For such shall never need to hunger more,
 But an Eternall life enjoy, wherein
 No death or famine is, save that of Sin :
 Plenty and Joyes for evermore dispose
 Themselves to be the Comforters of those.
 And whilst our Faith makes that a life indeed,
 The other seems to trust a broken reed.
 Afflictions sowre that Temporall bread with Leaven,
 Which this is freed of, for it comes from Heaven.

A

A Carroll.

WHen we a Gemm or Precious stone have lost,
 Is not the fabrick or the frame
 Of Fancy busied, and each thing toft
 And turn'd within the room ?
 Till we the same
 Can finde again, Is't not a Martyrdom ?

Doth Vanity affect us so : yet are
 We slumber-charm'd, nor can employ
 A thought that backward might reduce, so farre,
 Lively to represent
 Our Misery,
 Who fell, and thus incurr'd a Banishment ?

Shall we leave any corner Reason lends
 To give sense light, unfought, untry'd ?
 To finde how far our Liberty extends,
 And how refund we were
 Re-edify'd
 By th'Shepherd, and by th'Son o'th' Carpenter ?

May not this skill and love in him, require
 The white and better stone to Mark,
 And t'raise this time above all others higher,
 Wherein He came (though Light)
 Into the Dark,
 For to restore unto Mankinde its sight ?

Most sure it will : and where neglect denies
 To be observant of this Day,
 It proves not onely forfeiture of our eyes,
 But all parts seem asleep,
 Or gone astray :
 So's the house again unbuilt, and lost the sheep. Tragi-

And after more than any else e're saw
 Of Years and Dayes, did at the last withdraw,
 To shew the frail condition here beneath
 Of those who in their Nostrills bear their breath :
 So that compar'd unto Eternall blifs,
 A Shadow, Bubble, Span, all Emblem This.
 Why then should Thoughts be tost to Court such Day.
 But that Our natures mandate we Obay ?
 And may doe so, whilst appetite puts on
 No other garb 'save Moderation :
 The bounty *Ceres* from her Golden Ear
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 Comes from above too, yet when ground and bread
 'Tis but our Tabernacle's nourished,
 And that but for a while ; the Soul must be
 Beholding to an Other Grainarie ;
 Not that which *Moses* Prayer caus'd to fall
 To satiate the Israelites withall ;
 Nor of such Barley-loaves grew once on earth
 Wherewith *Elisha* fed some in a Dearth :
 These might have hunger after ; but Those that
 With the True batch of Life may ever last
 So satisf'd, as with the height of store,
 For such shall never need to hunger more,
 But an Eternall life enjoy, wherein
 No dearth or famine is, save that of Sin :
 Plenty and Joyes for evermore dispose
 Themselves to be the Comforters of those
 And whilst our Faith makes that a life indeed,
 The other seems to trust a broken need
 Afflictions sowre that Temporall bread with Larva,
 Which this is freed of, for it comes from Heav'n.

2 Kings 4.
 42, 43.

A Carroll.

When we a Gemm or Precious stone have lost,
 Is not the fabrick or the frame
 Of Fancy buſied, and each thing toſt
 And turn'd within the room ?

Till we the ſame
 Can finde again, Is't not a Martyrdom ?

Doth Vanity affect us ſo : yet are
 We ſlumber-charm'd, nor can employ
 A thought that backward might reduce, ſo farre,
 Lively to repreſent
 Our Miſery,
 Who fell, and thus incurr'd a Banishment ?

Shall we leave any corner Reaſon lends
 To give ſenſe light, unfought, untry'd ?
 To finde how far our Liberty extends,
 And how reſound we were
 Re-edify'd
 By th'Shepherd, and by th'Son o'th' Carpenter ?

May not this ſkill and love in him, require
 The white and better ſtone to Mark,
 And t'raiſe this time above all others higher,
 Wherein He came (though Light)
 Into the Dark,
 For to reſtore unto Mankind its ſight ?

Moſt ſure it will : and where neglect denies
 To be obſervant of this Day,
 It proves not onely forfeiture of our eyes,
 But all parts ſeem aſleep,

Or gone aſtray :
 So's the houſe again unbuilt, and loſt the ſheep. Tragi-

Quid Vita Vera, Quænam Mors certissima.

*S*oli vivunt— — — *Q*ui in Christo vivunt.
Soli Mortui— — — *Qui in Peccato remanent.*
Seducit in Tentationem, Vivificat per sui Ipsius oblationē.
Vipere Conditionis nostræ: Vipere Misericordiæ nostræ & Misericordiæ,
Amulus Satanas Patris quam Memor Christus.
Veram igitur ut Vitam habeamus,
A Peccato dehinc abstinamus.
Moriamur itaque— — — Non in sed à Peccato;
Ut Fruamur Vita — — — Quæ sit & in & à Domino.

Upon a very wet S. Stephens day.

GOD would his Saints should be bemoan'd,
 So the day weeps for *Stephen* ston'd.

In Diem Circumcisionis ad Adamum five
 totam humani Generis stirpem.

Luke 2. 21. *C*ircumcisus erat, Legi sic paruit Olim,
Ut paret incitis Pileæ certa suis:
Gal. 2. 4, 5. *E*t Novus in vetulo dignatur Parvulus Orbe
Vivere, Nos animis Velliat Ille novis.
Tempora sic fugiant, Magna est Mutatio seclī,
Non Mutare, suas metet Adamus Ops.

Upon

The Tragicomedie of Mans Life.

Here One is born, and there an Other dies,
 Nativity and Obsequies
 Enter at once ; What then is all
 This Worlds Pomp, but Theatrical ?
 For to come out, and to goe in
 Hath evermore the Custom been,
 And will be till the latter scene
 Summons us all at once again.
 Then shall the Left-hand file in Miserie,
 Shut up the story of their Tragedie :
 Whilst with a Chorus the Right wing
 The Bridegrooms Epithalamie doth sing,
 Both giving a Catastrophe
 Unto this Tragicomedie.

Vpon a Clock.

The swifter [f]lying Wheel o'r-runs the Day,
 Would make it seem as guilty of Delay ;
 And the wing'd hour out-stretch as conquered
 In swiftnes, by the Plummets weight of lead :
 The fallacy is easie, for admit
 That weight were off, then time would out-fly it.
 O let my flitting dayes so numbred be
 By a wise heart, they prove of weight to me :
 So may I life dispose, that in the end
 By setting bright, it may a clear Day send.

Quid

There were three Wifemen from the East
 Conducted by a Starr,
 Not doing Travaill for this Guelt,
 But came with Presents from afarr,
 To Court Heavens Munificence
 With Gold, with Myrrh, and Frankincense.

These three indeed bewitch our fence,
 And what could Men bring rather?
 Joy, Peace, and Indolency, and thence
 To us the Gift I gather,
 As we can then what Dawning 'tis
 To us the Brilliance of our Bliss.

For then comes after, and that was,
 When He who knew no sin,
 Condemn'd, yet contented as
 A Slave, and sold out had bin,
 Not to be Born, but born to bear
 Our Sins, because for men a Sufferer.

So He did, and was interr'd,
 And shall fond man refuse
 To die for Him; or be afeard
 To bear, nay, see His crosse, and chuse
 Rather to pass a moments pleasure
 Than to partake of such a lasting Treasure?

So He Rous'd us, and as He did sleep
 Three Dayes within the Grave;
 So let our Sins be buried deep,
 That they no more Dominion have;
 Nor like Plummets on our thighs,
 When our Saviour we should rise.

Who

Who for our sakes this Conquest won
 O'r Hell, the Grave, and Death
 Three that fought Mans Confusion :
 Till Man-with-God-unite, beneath
 So far prevail'd, as first to Die,
 Then Rose again to Crown the Victorie.

Christ alone the Author and finisher of our Faith.

W Hilst we beleeve (no more) we but resemble
 The Devils, for Those doe so too, and tremble.
 He who for Mans redemption was sent,
 Will be of true Faith the accomplishment,
 As well as framer ; and assurance gives,
 Though yet unseen, of Large Prerogatives,
 As to become Coheirs in that estate
 Which He did purchase for th'regenerate :
 No Others to be quoted are, but all
 Authors besides This One, Apocryphall :
 He opens to's the door to true Beleeef,
 Who seeks t'come in another way's a Theef.

Vpon a Thanksgiving day for a Victory.

T RUE Victory, on Fames wings taught
 To fly aloft,
 So covers all the Plash
 Or Stream wherein her falser tydings wash,
 That none of them more rise,
 Upon our Faiths to Tyrannise,
 But put to plunge what shift to trie,
 Shunning the Hawks pounce, meet the Pole, so die.

N 2

Now

(96)

They were three Wifemen from the East
Conducted by a Starr,
Refus'd no Travail for this Guest,
But came with Presents from afarr,
To Court Heavens Munificence
With Gold, with Myrrh, and Frankincense.

Those three indeed bewitch our sense,
And what could Men bring rather ?
Faith was in Infancy, and thence
It chose to suit the Gift, I gather,
As whereby t'shew what Dawning 'tis
That Entertains the Blossomes of our Blifs.

The Fruit comes after : and that was,
When He who knew no sin,
Condemned, yet contented as
A malefactor Great had bin,
Not onely Born, but born to bear
Our Crimes, became for men a Sufferer.

Suffer He did, and was interr'd,
And shall fond man refuse
To Die for Him ; or be afeard
To bear, nay, t'see His crofs, and chuse
Rather to pass a moments pleasure
Here, than partake of such a lasting Treasure ?

Shame Rouse us, and as He did sleep
Three Dayes within the Grave :
So let our Sins be buried deep,
That They no more Dominion have ;
Nor hang like Plummets on our thighs,
When with our Blessed Saviour we should rise. Who

(97)

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N 2

Now

(98)

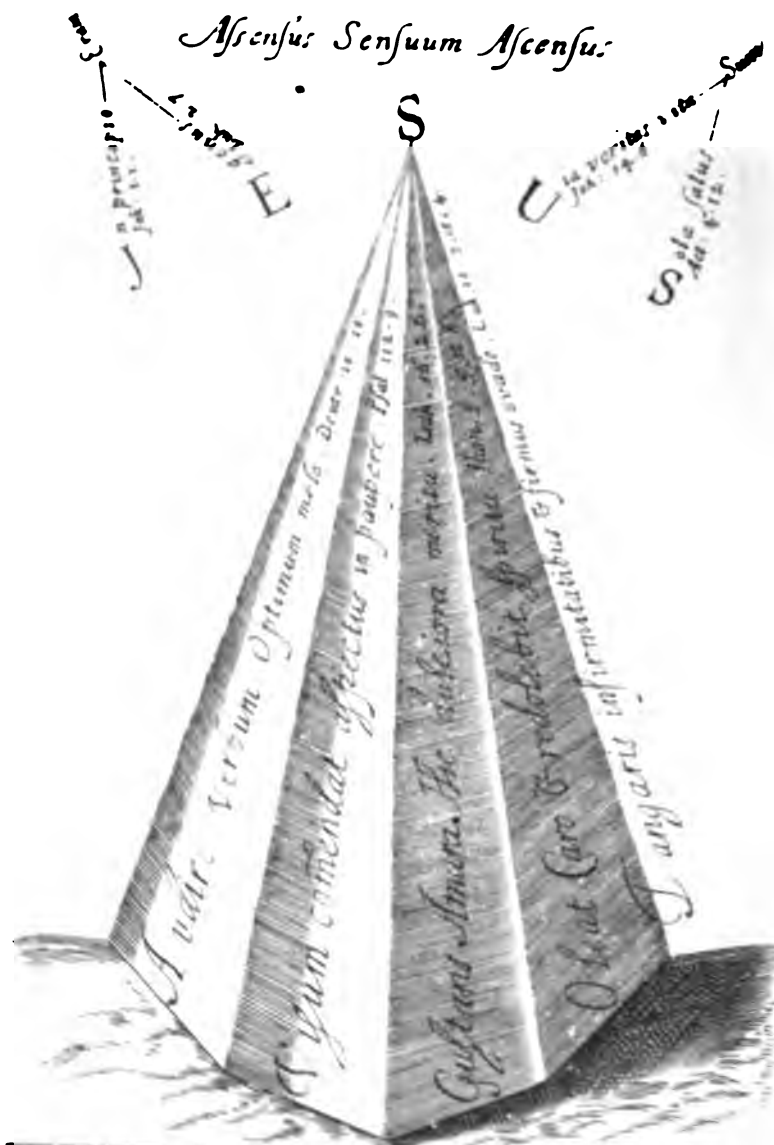
Now as In Aqueducts, the source
Must guide the Course,
And to the same degree,
Heighthen the reach of its humiditie ;
So 'tis but just and even,
That Benifons sent down from heaven,
Should thither rise again in praise,
And fill each Kalendar with Holidayes.

Not such as wont make red-Ink dear,
Charging the year
In memory, t'express
This or that Man's a Saint, could go no less.
But by duties t'show
Our Thankfulness, and what we owe ;
As from that Place alone we can
Conclude our spring of Blessings first began.

Thus whilst for praise we set apart
Both Day and heart,
And sweetly doe embrace
Gods mercies meeting in his holy place ;
'Thout question He'l go on
To perfect the Conclusion,
And crown the Conquest farther, so
That that ne'r more be our friend, He deems foe.

Affensus





Q. vnde Pyramidum solat. Membrum sensus
Pyramide ad Dominum qua libet ite potest



Afsensus Sensuum Ascensus

J^{n principio} — *Erom*
Joh: 1. 1.

Audire verbum Optimum melo[s]. Deutr. 18. 18.
Sensus Luk. 2. 1.

E

Visum comendat aspectus in paupere. Psal. 112. 9.

S

Gustans Amara Hic dulciora meruit. Luk. 16. 22.

Oleat Caro & redolebit spiritus. Thom. 3. 5 et 6.

Luk. 18. 3 et 14

Tangaris infirmitatibus & firmus evade.

U^{ia veritas vita} —
Joh: 14. 6.

Sum

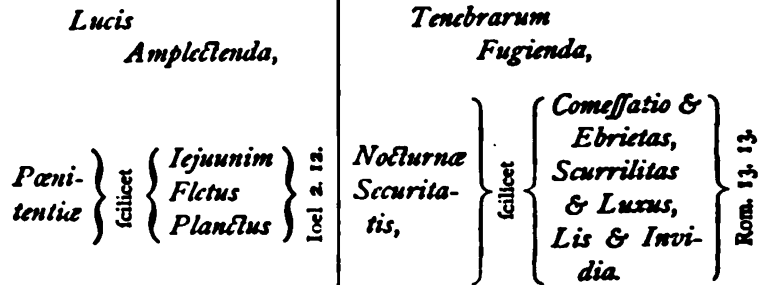
S^{ola salus} —
Acti: 4. 12.

Gloria Pyramidum fileat Memphitica sensus

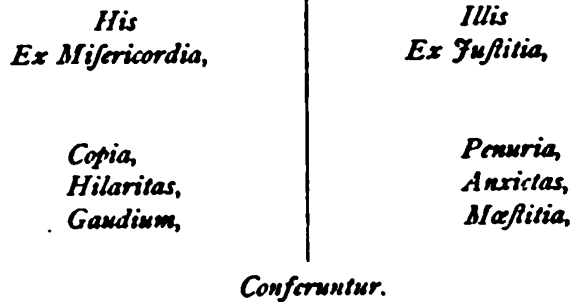
Pyramide ad Dominum quâ libet ire potest.

(100)

Opera



Quorum Præmia
sic diverse :



This difference in works is known,
The first is Gods, t'others our Own.

My



*Catena Quisquam ad Salutem
Pertinentium*

*Mans Hart's for linkt to Sin wedded to Vice
It needs a Chayne to bring it unto Christ*

(101)

My Embassie.

Aliter cum Domino & cum Principibus Mundi
istius negotiandum.

*V*otum Deo si mandatur
cOr gemitibus rumpatur,
fiT ocellis fons, in ore
ferUens precis, cum amore
eleeMosynentur Manus,
Nec Legatus rediet vanus.

*Forma Cordis, sed infecti
jUvet, os pictura recti,
neC blandities parcetur,
donUm dum præmeditetur,
Sub alternum Regem satis,
Fleclent Ista Quem nil gratis. Catena.*

*Catena Causarum ad Salutem
pertinentium*

*Opera demonstrant
Qualis*

*Possio Christi
materialis*

*Fides
apprehensalis*

*Salus itaq;
operari*

*Vita vel vite
finem est habere*

*Et Constantiter
perseverare*

*Mans Hart's foe linkt to Sin wedded to Vice
It needs a Chayne to bring it unto Christ.*

A Carroll.

104

With his espoused *Mary*, and got there
 Of what's before time, Time's th'accomplisher :
 Nor would the Darknefs of those Dayes confefs
 A currency unto fuch Precioufnefs ;
 But houle and City, Countrey, all three feem
 To caft upon thofe Guefts the Low'ft efteem ;
 And fo the other Strangers well may be,
 Shuffle thefe Friends into the Oflerie.
 What doe we lefs, whilst Emperour-like each one
 Bears o're his leffer world Dominion,
 And freedome hath to tax each Senfe, to bring
 Its beft of treasure to this Offering :
 Yet as afleep, or blinde with Natures light,
 We learn to court all Objects fave the right :
 And whilst thofe houfes should 'been tricked ore
 For Him alone, they'd let in Sin before :
 The Cities of our hearts poffefft with vice,
 Will not change garifon at any price ;
 So what the Region of our Souls can grant,
 Is, t'appear rich in ill, all good to want :
 Yet though this Province, Fort, and Sconces all
 Taken, betray'd, and under Satans thrall ;
 'Tis not prefum'd, but that by Faith being led,
 All thefe may eaf'ly be recovered,
 Nay, all are won already to that brest,
 Prepared is to welcome this new gueft.

In Sanctum Stephanum Protomartyrem pati-
 entem & duritiem Cordium Judæorum Lapidantium.

*M*artyrii dum prima Petris sua Laurea vincit,
 Saxea Saxosæ Corda Manusque gerunt.

O

To

To New-years Day.

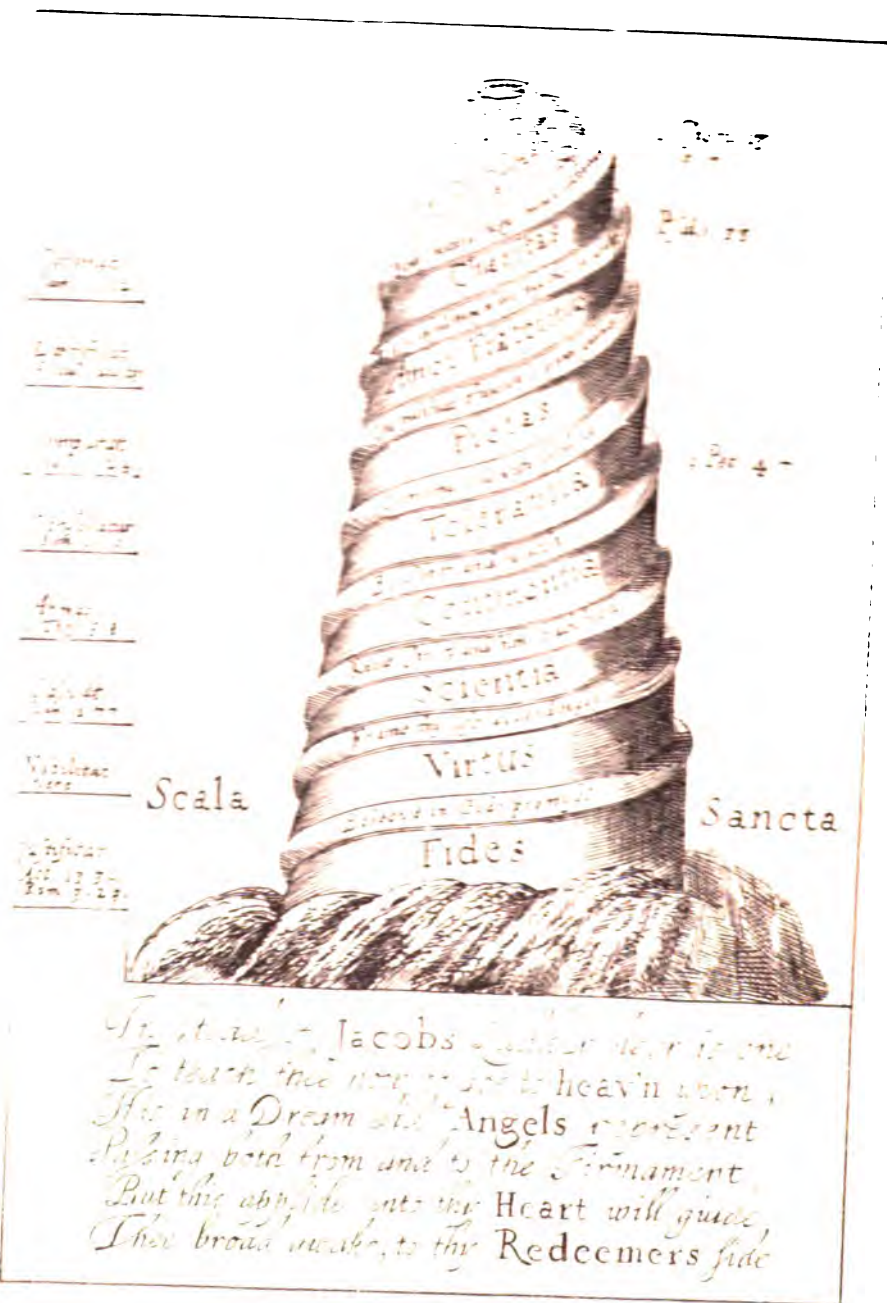
IF Eagles shifting but their Bills, have made
 Their youth return, so years seem retrograde ;
 And if't be true, that every change of Skin
 To th'creeping brood, doth a new age begin :
 Or whilst th'eleven Months like food appear
 To satiate the hungry *Ianivere*.
 Why should not man this Riddle too unfold,
 And be renew'd by putting off the Old ?

Armamenta ad oppugnandos Hostes, Carnem
 scilicet, Mundum, & Satanam, Maxime necessaria.

	<i>V</i> erus Christianus sit,
	<i>Veritate Cinctus</i>
Ephes. 6.	<i>Institid armatus,</i>
11. &c.	<i>Pacis Calceamento vinctus,</i>
	<i>Salvatione Galcatus,</i>
	<i>Super Omne, Fidei scutum</i>
	<i>Cum Spiritus Ense reddent tutum,</i>
	<i>Nec decesse potest Ei,</i>
Heb. 6. 19.	<i>Unquam Anchora Firma spei.</i>

Charitas





Coronat.
Sam: 1. 12.

Latificat:
Eccclus: 22. 23

Comparat:
Jho. 5. 24.

Consolatur
Rom: 15. 5.

Armat:
1 Thes 5. 8.

Salvat:
Luk. 1. 77.

Nobilitat:
verè

Justificat
Act: 13. 39.
Rom: 3. 28.

Bear, beleeve, hope, endure all things

Charitas

It is a joyfull thing to live together in unity *Pfal: 133.*

Amor Fraternus

The purchase of heaven is great guine

Pietas

Overcome evil with good for

Tolerantia

1 Pet: 4. 7.

Be Sober and watch

Continentia

Know Christ and him crucifid

Scientia

Frame thy life accordingly

Virtus

Scala

Beleeve in Gods promijes

Sancta

Fides

*In stead of Jacobs Ladder heer is one
To teach thee how to goe to heav'n upon,
His in a Dream did Angels represent
Passing both from and to the Firmament
But this applide unto thy Heart will guide
Thee broad awake, to thy Redeemers fide.*

Coronat: Jam: 1. 12.
Lætificat: Eccl: 2. 23.
Comparat: Job: 5. 2. 4.
Consolatur Rom: 1. 5. 6.
Armat: 1. Th: 5. 8.
Salvat: Luk: 1. 77.

Notulæ
Sere

Scala

1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.



mutit.

1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.

Mundum
1. 1. 1.

Orbem
1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

Ad

Ad quendam tam Potentia quàm Intelligentia
& Doctrina, Divitiis æquè ac Nobilitate &
honoribus præditum.

*[N]geniosus Homo es, nec quisque Potentior Orbe
Ditior & nullus, Nobiliorque fuit:
Partibus eximiis juncta est Vigilantia fortis,
Nec deerat titulis Copia magna tuis.
Hoc tantum si scire placet (me judice) restat,
Ut reddas Domino quæ tibi Cuncta dabat.*

English'd:

Thou art a witty man, nor's every one
I'th' world for Power thy Companion ;
In Birth and Riches all thou dost outfly,
And exc'lent Parts back'd with Authority.
On Thy arrears this only now may fall,
Thou spend these to His praise who gave them all.

Temporibus hisce Maxime discendum.

*F*Acile credimus quod volumus :
Velimus igitur Bona,
Et statim credemus
Non omni Mendacio,
Sed Potius Verbo
Veritatis Ipsæ.
Omnis Anima Potestatibus subserviat superioribus.

Rom. 13.

Bottoms in saving

LES.

Amores,

suo :

Artes,

Christus erat.

atq; Hic

accipiat :

alta,

item :

Inanis

fais,

salutem,

Fides.

Manifestationem Domini.

Luce ferend

Ipse venit,

Gentes

tota Dies)

Imago

lucis clara Micat ;

Divum,

Agnum agitatque viros.

Manifestus ad Omnes,

Natus erat.

Natus

Natus, Damnatus, Necatus, Glorificatus.

*Descendere descendit à Cœlis ut (pravitate quâ depressi-
simus Carnali relicta) ascendamus in Cœlos: Pati dig-
natus in Mundo pro immundis, Vt prossideant Lucem,
Qui meruissent Crucem. Morte multari se præbuit, Vt
Vitam capiat, qui Mori debuit. Agnus in Montem passus,
pastus & in Montem agnus. Pastor succumbit Oneri Legis,
ut languori succurrat parvuli gregis. Ne desit Fons, adest
Mons: ad depremendam sitem, (Hanc) cape, Veram Vitem:
Qui multo cum cruore Mori vellet; ut humanos ab humanis
erroribus avellat. Anguis ut à præcipitio redimatur Ingra-
tus; sanguis Pretiosissimi effunditur, & confossum Latus:
Tumuli limitibus se Captivum tradidit, Vt à Satanæ Mili-
tibus nos Liberos redderet. Sepulchro obdormivisse Lapideo
videtur, ut duritiei Cordis humani oblivisceretur. Morti
pro triduo Temporis paret, Mori ut peccatis quotidie nos
præparet; & ne quid in Redemptione sit amissum; horren-
dum Barathri petit Abyssum. Sed qui Lux vera est, & ab
æterno, non manet tenebris nec in Inferno; Ast Palmam
ferens veræ victoriæ, Coronam Fidelibus texuit Gloriæ.
Et ne sit Fidei Thomæ defectio, Octavo iterum die est pate-
facta resurrectio. Postquam ab eis per quadraginta Dies
notus fuit & conspectus, Nubem induit & susceptus: à Monte
qui Oliveti vocatur sursum receptus est Pacificator, Cujus
readventus est futurus, ita cum Judicaturus. Mente Me
Deus sic donet Spirituali, Vt non sim iterum Reus hujus
Mali.*

A

A Threefold Cord is not easily broken.

MEek, Lowly, Humble, was that threefold Cord,
Our Lord,
To pull us up to Heaven did afford.

He bore the Crofs firft for us, and became
Ejaj. A Lambe ;
 Wash'd His Difciples feet, to teach the fame.

But who takes out this lesson? is not Pride
Our Guide,
Envie, Oppression, Malice too beside?

To crofs what's good, bleat after Natures call,
T'enthrall
Others ; fet traps t'enfnare their feet withall.

We can the best of care and thought unbinde,
To finde
What may enrich the Body, not the minde.

So still be cumbered about serving much,
And grutch
That Others have not equall share in such.

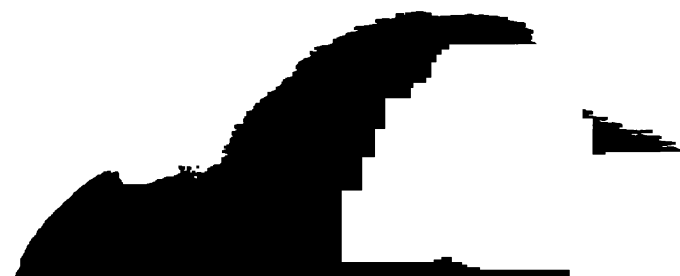
When if our Saviour we beleeeve alone,
But one
Thing needfull was, and that was *Maries* owne.

That better permanent part, grant that I
May try,
To compass through unfeign'd humility.

Regula

Regula nullo modo Spernenda.

Deo Gloria	<i>Uni vero soli est Triplici Trîunuo unanimitèr non secundum hominis factum, sed sui ipsius id est veritatis verbum Totus infervere, quoniam Non vult participem cultus Iesus.</i>	<i>Veram Devotionem in Deum verum, verbo dum sacro Fides adhibetur sancta comparat.</i>
Principi Honor	<i>Debitam obedientiam utpote guber- nandi causa in nos, ab Ipso Domino sine omne scilicet quod Mandata non exuperat Licita Prepositio, reddere, quoniam Oppugnat Dominum, sper- nare Regem.</i>	<i>Agritionem & remunerandi observantiam quam humi- lem, Grato, Pio, & Patientia summa Patrono-Principi.</i>
Reipublice salus	<i>Tantam tribuere Legum iustitiam- bus et constitutionibus reverentiam, ut in omni actione unam vel alle- ram insular medæ appetitus presfi- geri, quoniam ut salus Populi sa- pientia lex, sic sine Legibus nulla salus Populo.</i>	<i>Pacem sic Tranquillam & ab omnibus [bonis scilicet] maximè optatam Patria.</i>
Ut sit	Quibuscum Armatus	<i>Nec Popalis hæresis Nec Fatalis Hypocrisis Nec effrenata Anarchia Confusio Anomalia Nec Galactica Dementia Ex Placida Insolentia</i>
Quin Homo Probus fis	Tam uno quam Ambobus.	Deterreant.



Triplex hominum Conditio.	Creatio prima, Gen. 1. 26	In	Innocen- tia Cre- atus, Ephes. 4. 24.	Indutus spiritu divino, I Cor. 15. 45.	Ab origi- ne quàm puro sine labe vel peccato,	Hæc cum Fide perce- pisses,	
	Deprava- tio secū- da, Gen. 3. 6.		Disobe- dientia disloca- tus, Gen. 3. 23, 24.	Captus Dolo serpen- tino, Gen. 3. 4.	Postea in statu nō securο, utpote horti de- privato,	Etsi Mi- serri- mus fu- isses,	
	Restaura- tio ter- tia, Gen. 3. 15.		Summa elemen- tia re- dinte- gratus, Rom. 8. 32.	Florens sole ma- tutino, Luke 1. 78.	Donec in Christo redem- pturo tunc cre- dendo suble- vato.	Causam Spei in- venisses.	
						P	Cruz

P

In Passionem & Resurrectionem Domini.

*Quis modo tantorum Tumulorum vincula solvit,
 Carceribus Tumuli traditur Ille notri :
 Sic Placuit, maculaeque animae purgentur ab omni,
 Sanguine jam proprio diluit Ille suo.
 Humanum inveniens aperit hucus illico venas,
 Sarcophagus Dominum sed retinere nequit
 Quid sedes in Tumulum somnose Miles apertum ?
 Quem vigiles vigilat Mortis & arma rapit.
 Cum sociis stupefacta videt Maria Sepulchrum,
 In quis lætitia & Mista pavore fuit.
 Inveniant Dominum veniunt ut Marmore clausum,
 Mane situs Dominus, nec manet usque diem :
 Visura gaudent Christum, metuuntque remoto
 Saxo, dum visus Angelus est Domini.*

Cruz Vera

Non in Ligno, Sed in Signo,

Ducis
 Victoria,
 Crucis
 Gloria.

Invictus Vixit Deus.

All other CROSSES may disquiet rest,
 But this was that by which Mankind is blest.

CRU-

C-R-V-C-J-F-I-G-I-T-V-R.

- urrit ad Exitium Genitrix, repetitque Reatum
Filiolus : Pœnas Hic dabit, Illas suas.
- uminat ut Miseros Rex Inclytus, Alta relinquens
Ima petitque, subit Nubila lucis Opus.
- nicus à Scepbris humiles facit Ille recessus
Sponte, suam tribuit Qui quoque vita fuit :
- um brevis è teneri concretâque pulvere forma
Quam vitosa regunt, Ambitiosa velit.
- uncta Viro Consors, quâ cum de sorte perenni
Consultit, & Culpa hæc (Morte) perennis erat :
- actus homo Dominus moritur, sed Morte subacta
Commutat sortem, & vita Perennis erit.
- rritat Superos Gens improba, sed super omne
Grata est, quæ à scisso Pectore fusa fluit.
- ratia pro ingratis datur integra, Justus Iniquis,
Pro Peccatore hæc Pectora læsa manent.
- nduit & nostras humanâ fœce volutas
Naturas, nobis Cœlica tecta facit.
- ransfixusque fuit, quo transeat omnis alumnus,
Et videat passum pacificumque virum.
- ictus Amore hominum victus, Captivus & Idem,
Ut Libertatis spes modo certa fiet :
- espice sic Miserum, Miseros qui è gurgite Mortis
Eripuit, rapiant Viscera nostra, sua.

Spectaculum veræ Humilitatis.

C—um
H—unc
R—espicias
I—S
T—ibi
V—ita
S—alus.
S—acrambilit
I—nocens
M—ihi
O—nus
N—atum

If in a glass one would descry
Perfect and true Humility;
Then goe no farther, but observe
He bore the Cross which we deferre.

Piled's

(115)

Pilat's Inscription.

Joh. 19. 19.

1 Pet. 3. 18.

I—*ustus* N—*ascens* R—*edimit* I—*njustos.*

What PILATE wrote, He wrote, and did refuse
To alter for the High-Priest of the Jewes :
This Just mans birth with Prophecie suits well,
Who came to save the lost of Israel.

Mat. 9. 13.

P—*ater* I—*gnosce* I—*nscis* R—*emitte* E—*rrantibus* G—*ravissimo* I—*udicio* S—*ubditi* C—*onfitebor* O—*mnibus* M—*eritis* P—*ropter* A—*ccusantibus* S—*illogis* S—*ub* I—*n* O—*mnibus*

Of All the Vertues happinefs Create,
None out-shines this, To be Compassionate :
Mercy the God of Glory doth prefer,
Although All's other works are singular.
This Kingly Pattern here before us set,
Should teach us to forgive, and to forget.

P 3

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La Citta Improvida.

J_{-acco} E_{-refu} R_{-urus} U_{-tote} S_{-anctum} A_{-ngularum} L_{-epidem} E_{-mij} M_{-cum}

A Building that is Tight and free from weather,
 Hath all its parts well Cymented together ;
 For where such Unity In it self's away,
 That structure falls under some quick decay.
 This City bore but name of Peace alone,
 Whose Builders did refuse their Corner stone.

Il vero monte Testaccio.

G_{-ret} O_{-ffis} L_{-men} G_{-ierris} O_{-mizius} T_{-rmur} H_{-mizis} A_{-mizis}

Memento mori, or a Deaths-head worn
 Upon a finger, oft becomes a scorn ;
 For what through use familiar is grown,
 Nature counts leis by apprehension.
 Yet be advis'd, this Mount of dead mens skulls,
 A greater dread and terror on thee puls,
 Who durst by Sins, and loose desires below,
 Make him again pay that which thou didst ow.

Easter

(117)

Easter dayes Resurrexit.

S**E**t the Cliff higher
Now,
And raife
Each hearts key,
To present a Vow
In praise
Of Him who lately was our buyer,
And of this Day
Which He makes clearer farr then Other dayes.

For look we back, and there
We may with ease
See what we were,
Transform'd beyond
All works, did please
The Maker
So
That whilst He did commend
What He had done, Man wrought his endless woe ;
Nor of those praises longer was partaker.

Before when known
To be,
By Innocencies Liverie,
The fairest likenefs of Creation ;
All other Things
Were but to Man as Offerings,
Whereby
He might maintain
The Title of the worlds true Sovereign.

Justice

Justice and Mercy both.
 The King of Heaven
 Delights to show,
 And in his hands the Scales both hold it even.
 That might enforc'd to punish, yet he's leath
 To overflow;
 And so a way prescribes, wherein
 Man may revenged be of sin.

To this effect,
 When He saw time,
 His Son was sent,
 That all disgraces of the Crime
 On Him being spent,
 No Contumelle or neglect
 Might lie behinde,
 To sink into Despair a troubled minde.

So suffered He
 To set
 Man
 Free
 Again,
 Whose debt
 Requir'd no less
 To recompence
 The Guiltiness
 Of his great Disobedience.

Which

(119)

Which bond discharg'd,
All are enlarg'd,
Who can through Faith arise
With Him who Clarifies
Beyond our apprehension,
The Splendor of this Dayes Skies
Put on,
To Embleme His Bright Resurrection.

In Diem Natalem etiam & Jejunalem quoniam
Mercurialem Mensis ultimam.

*Quondam Festa Dies, nunc Jejunantibus apta es,
Ut Queis non profunt Gaudia Mæsta juvent.*

Englilh'd :

A Holiday thou waft, and art so still ;
For Holy Fasting saves, when Riots kill.

In novi Anni Diem Primam Dialogismus.

*Dum novus Annus init, an nos nova Pectora flectent,
Cum Vetulo Vetulas vim periere vices ?
Quid potius ? nam qui memorare novissima certet,
Immemor errati gaudeat esse sui.*

Q

Ineffabilis

Defining the Analysis Chain

Chrysomelidae

100

•

2.

• •

W. A. M.

1. In 1950

2. 2. 2. 2. 2.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

4. *Conclusions*

§ 87(2)(b)

7:00 PM: *High* 7:00 PM: *High*

(6) The following

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

17) 2.4.2012

(8) *Chrysomelids*

cast over the

(9) *Fern: f*

(10) Man had

for, offered God

that nothing but

God and Man

could make
statement

(11) All power

(12) He became

to the combined analysis

1) *Tu mihi non potes, Iphes, 2) Similitudo, Iphes*
 3) *Plena est amphora, nunciat illi Juc:*
 4) *Esse non numeranda clementi Regis ante (5) sagittis,*
 6) *Serpentem, 7) Peritum, 8) Peritua sagitta necat.*
 9) *Nullus Agellus, sed agellus ante Negatum,*
 10) *Nec passura Altilis, sed vngula erit:*
 11) *Hic tamen hoc magni 8) respicit cetera mundi,*
 9) *Et Jasperat parvas Ille ferendo suas.*
 10) *Pausperis est numerare Pecus, duodecimus olim*
 11) *Herculeanus erat Haic Labor innumerus.*
 (10) *Nempe quod in respicis tanta est numeratio Culpis,*
 11) *Vt nisi qui posset singula nulla juvet.*
 (11) *Posse & velle suum est, sic nos redempsit iniquos,*
 12) *Et firmam statuatur Anchora (12) vera Fidem.*

(12) He becoming the truest Anchor of our hopes, we cannot cast out the Cable of faith upon better security than in all thy preaching. To

To my Gracious God.

REtir'd into a Calm of Leisure, Led
By Providence thus : grant me busied
Here after for My King and Countreys good,
The Church and State where I took Livelihood :
That in my Calling I may never falter,
But hew wood and draw water for thine Altar.

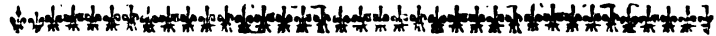
The Object of Love and Power.

J^{ns}picie^{ns} E^{mentem} S^{acrificantem} V^{ictorem} S^{acrificium}.

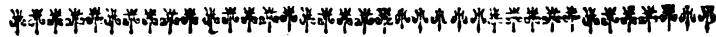
Loft Man, when to be fav'd cannot devise
To expiate His guilt by Sacrifice ;
Till Priest and Prophet, King, and all agree
In One, to offer and winn Victory ;
This for what's past ; the other act of power
He gain'd for us, who is our Saviour.

Vfe and Memory Parents to VVifdome.

VSe out of Date, and to Remember
Our Saviours Birth, wont blefs *December*,
Cry'd down : What may we judge by thefe ?
But this, That Wifdome's in decreafe,
And certainly muft Folly own,
When other Parents are not known.



The End of the First Part.









*To my Book, upon the second Part, and
the Title Page.*

Famulentur Prioribus.

Thy first Part bears a stamp Divine,
And so may pass for currant Coin ;
Though *Momus* Cark, and *Zoilus* bark,
Thou art preserv'd as in an Ark :
For what one doth by Faith apply,
No flood of Envie can destroy.
Yet how to help thee at a list,
That must be now my Second drift :
For seeing thou wilt not alone
Come forth, but be attended on,
It's fit thy servant still should be,
Adorn'd with modest Loyaltie ;
Such as the Hills, and Groves, and Brooks
Afford the Fancy, 'stead of Books ;
And help Contentedness to wade,
Though not to swim under a shade
Of such Security may give
'Gainst heat and cold Prerogative
Defence : where no times rayes or Thunder
Shall blast or scorch those so lie under.
But who themselves in Peace can thus read ore,
Need but be thankfull, and ne're wish for more.

The





The Second Part.

Humans Science Handmaid to Divine.

Famulentur Prioribus.



Ll were not Cedars that grew on
 The Top of Towing *Lebanon*,
 But here and there some less Plant set
 To give attendance on the great :
 So have I seen a grove of Pine
 Becircled with Eglantine ;
 A Towre of Oaks that seem'd the higher,
 For over-looking of the Brier ;
 The Beech, Ash, Elm, tak't not in scorn
 From the low Shrub and prickly Thorn
 That underneath their shades they dwell,
 And guard their roots as Sentinell :
 Meadows, and Fields, and Gardens all
 Produce both simples, Med'cinall,
 And herbs of less esteem ; yet these
 May some one sense or other please.
 Fountains with Crytall may compare,
 As they run out are known to share
 With this and that Land-water, til
 They colour change, yet Rivers fill
 And if I would my Fancy rear,
 To lineat a day most clear ;
 It should be such a one, wherein
 Some wood-puck Clouds in corner's been
 That the wise God of Nature chose
 All things wonder to observe
 And His own Kingdoms only look command
 As to what is to be done to what is hand

Ans-

Occasioned by seeing a Walk of Bay-trees.

NO Thunder blasts *Ioves* Plant, nor can
 Misfortune warp an honest Man ;
 Shaken He may be, by some one
 Or other Gust, Unleav'd by none :
 Though tribulation's sharp and keen,
 His Resolutions keep Green ;
 And whilst Integrity's his wall,
 His Year's all Spring, and hath no Fall.

Inter Acus & Aculeos pugna.

MAn like a little world, opens a pack
 Of Government, to all such Climes as lack ;
 Wherein those humors that disturb the health,
 For Power, doe represent a Common-wealth ;
 And Nature (uncontroulably) would try,
 To subject all under her Monarchy :
 But in that Conflict findes no small disease,
 Whilst all restrain'd Authorities displease.
 Here may we see as from a Chaos spun,
 Discord, at push of pike ; and Factions t'run
 A tilt : so break int' shivers and destroy
 The strict command of eithers soveraignty.
 Yet neither Title need we fear to leese,
 Sithence there's both King and Common-wealth
 ('mongst Bees.

R

Sorte

[illegible]

Infula

Infula Britannica ad seipsam.

*Quid moror in terras? Pinus descendit in undas,
 Et tondet Vitreas Classica sylva comas.
 Gallia, quid profers? quid Tu Teutonica tentas?
 Hesperisq; tuis quidve Carina Malis.
 Num dabitis Legem Oceano Mihi Fura negantem,
 Littora Cui, Liquidus paret & Oceanus.
 Conficiam eximias Aurato tegmine Puppis,
 Signentur Rubra candida vela cruce.
 Ne caream verbis ubi Rectum querere Ius est,
 Pulmones strenuos, Ærea Lingua vomet.
 Mænia si quisquam violenti fulmine tundet,
 Lignea forte putet, Igneaque inveniet.*

Chloris Complaint.

DOe not the Planets (howfoere
 They wander) still retain a proper sphere?
 And seasons serve the year to blefs,
 Although the Storms and Tempests are no less?
 Seem not becalmed Seas more fair,
 Than if th'had never been irregular?
 And shall fond Man alone be said,
 To be of all things else unpacifi'd?
 Lions to Lions kinde, and Bears
 Friendly to such; so Wolves partake o'th' fears
 With their pursued kin; The fell-
 Est Tyger can with her associate dwell:
 And yet (as if unhuman'd) we
 By no means with each other can agree;

R 2

So

So that (we may degenerate
 From Natures mandate) all our Passion's hate,
 And where a Mischief may befall,
 All Disposition's turn'd to Prodigall,
 Nor is there for Compassion
 Left any room (now t's out of fashion,)

Befriend me wind, I'll try the wave,
 Though some ther be must sink, yet som 't may save.
 My Kalendar yet marks out spring,
 Dis-gust may shake, not blast the Blossoming.
 And therefore as I roav'd astray,
 'Tis reconciling Truth points now the way,
 In which I would be thought as farr
 From variation, as the fixedst Starr ;
 But with a constant shining thence,
 Serve King and Countrey by my Influence.

My Newyears-gift to the Times.

*N*ovum aperiens Ianitor nunc Annum,
 Iani Bisfrontis Quis Nothus Caesarum,
 Rellet ob viclam longè Britanniam,
 Templa clausurus iterum Britannicis ?
 Barbariem nunquam, (vel raro saltem)
 Tam feram memini Legisse sacris
 Ut jam essenditur,
 Fratres in Fratres,
 Filie Filique,
 Cœdendum cœni,
 Inquam pretiens scilicet,
 In matres etiam & in Patres.
 Vires ferat rapulae,
 Patres matres.

Nates

*Natos nataſque maximo
 Habent Odio,
 Sexus, Ætates licet numeras,
 Diſſenſionum undique querulas ;
 Rixasque intelligis & Invidiæ
 Artes miniſtrantur aſſiduè ;
 Majorem ſub Leonino
 Temperiem invenias Axe, vel Canino,
 Tam fervida
 Torquet Alterutrinque Ira,
 Adeoque torret Diſcordiarum Flamma,
 Vt deſtruit & conſumit Omnia :
 Friget in hoc æſtu tamen,
 Charitatis ſolamen,
 Et quicquid ſævitiæ
 Produxit unquam Scythia :
 Glacialis Sphæra,
 Hujus inimicitie
 Fiat Imago vera.
 Bellica fuimus
 Præda Romanis,
 Nec non Saxonibus,
 Quondamque Danis,
 Vicinis etiam victima Normannis.
 Aſt in Poſtremo
 Hoc (abſente Populo)
 Qui nos confudat Seculo,
 Ipſoſmet petimus
 Et pro Purpureo victore,
 Quiſque nunc tingitur Fratris Cruore.*

The fifth of November, being in Kent a stony Country.

AM I in *Kent*? and can I be no more
 Befriended than to want a Stone to score
 That scape from Danger; which had it o'r-come,
 Might have both Conquer'd *Kent* and *Christendome*.
 Dye-mans although not rare now, Rubies are
 Through our Dissentions made peculiar
 Blaz'ners of Vertues Heraldry: nor can
 The Tincture serve of the Cornelian;
 The Topaz, Saphire, and the Emerald may
 On fingers worn, proclaim it Holiday:
 But I must finde a whiter, though it came
 Not far, but whence fair *Albion* took its name,
 The Cliffs of *Dover*, on whose Candid Brest
 I shall presume to share an interest
 On this Occasion, that no Rubricks spell
 May henceforth in some *Bookers* Chronicle
 Eclipse my glory, or exempt my praise,
 By ranking me amongst the Workedayes.
 Surely the Dye that black design put on,
 Would crave the best of all, and whitest Ston
 To mark that Providence, which did prevent
 The mischief of that vap'ring Element:
 Which Hatch'd below, should our Conceptions rouse,
 (In that before it grew pernicious,
 The Shell was crack'd; and so that enterprife
 Was vanquish'd, with th'abortive Cockatrice,)
 First to the great Deliverer, and then
 A freedome of acknowledgment 'mongst men,
 That all of them may (as their fortunes are)
 Spend something on a solemnizing care.
 And as the Powder should have been our chance,
 Now let 'texprefs loud our deliverance.

Anglia

Anglia Hortus.

THE Garden of the world, wherein the Rose
 In chief Commanded, did this doubt propose
 To be resolv'd in ; Whether sense to prize
 For umpire to Create it Paradise :
 One led by th'Eare of Philomel tels tales,
 And straightway calls't the land of Nightingales ;
 An Other sharper sighted, ravish'd, cries,
 O that I could be turn'd now all to eyes !
 A Third receiv'd such raptures from the taste
 Of various dainty fruits, that it surpass ;
 A Fourth was caught (not with perfume) commends
 The Indian Clime, but what here Nature lends ;
 Last, if you would Sattins or Velvets touch,
 For soft and smooth, Leaves can afford you such.
 And thus dispos'd, whilst every Sense admires,
 'Tis senseless to plant 'mongst Roses, Thistles, Briars.

Naumachia.

In Pugnam Navalem inter *Hispanos & Batavos*, die
 Octobris, Anno 1639. Commissam in freto
 vulgò *Le manche* ; ubi victoria His, ruina
 quàm felicissimè Illis accidit.

Castiliana suos ardentes linquere Portus
Iusta est Neptuno & frigidiorè frui :
Occurrit Liquidis Teutonica classis ab Oris,
Vt Ligno huic Ignes suppeditare queat.

Sole

*Sole exusta suo solvit de littore Puppis,
 . Frangitur & Tepidis Artibus inter aquas.
 Bella gerunt Homines, nec non Elementa vicissim,
 Contendunt vires notificare suas.
 Ignea sublimis vis occupat, Altera mergi
 Tumosa Ærios Ambitionis habet :
 Sola manet nostras Terrestris tuta salutes
 Conditio : maneat sic stabilita Diu.*

Ab Aqua &
 Igne libera-
 vit nos do-
 mus.

Ad Amicum super quatuor Anni Tempora
 & quatuor Ætates hominum Comparative.

*B*Rumalis seculi inconstantia,
Te reddat Mœstum ab Infantia,
Vcr præbeat Flores vanitatis
Ideo juventutis, satis
Viribus Virilis ætas,
In Æstate cum nil metas
Æstuet vano : dum senescis
Para fructum. adest messis.
Æsticum, Hyemale, vernum,
Ceres ducunt in æternum.

My happy Life, to a Friend.

Dear'est in Friendship, if you'll know
 Where I my self, and how bestow,
 Especially when as I range,
 Guided by Nature, to love change :
 Believe, it is not to advance
 Or add to my inheritance ;

Seeking

Seeking t'engrofs by Power (amifs)
 What any other Man calls his :
 But full contented with my owne,
 I let all other things alone ;
 Which better to enjoy 'thout strife,
 I settle to a Countrey life ;
 And in a sweet retirement there,
 Cherish all Hopes, but banish fear,
 Offending none ; so for defence
 Arm'd Capapee with Innocence ;
 I doe dispose of my time thus,
 To make it more propitious.

First, my God serv'd ; I doe commend
 The rest to some choice Book or Friend,
 Wherein I may such Treasure finde
 T'inrich my nobler part, the Minde.
 And that my Body Health comprise,
 Use too some moderate Exercife ;
 Whether invited to the field,
 To see what Pastime that can yield,
 With horfe, or hound, or hawk, or t' bee
 More taken with a well-grown Tree ;
 Under whose Shades I may reherfe
 The holy Layes of Sacred Verse ;
 Whilst in the Branches pearched higher,
 The wing'd Crew sit as in a quier :
 This seems to me a better noise
 Than Organs, or the dear-bought voice
 From Pleaders breath in Court and Hall
 At any time is stockt withall :
 For here one may (if marking well)
 Observe the Plaintive Philomel

S

Bemoan

Bemoan her sorrows ; and the Thrush
 Plead safety through Defendant Bush :
 The Poppingay in various die
 Performes the Sergeant ; and the Pie
 Chatters, as if she would revive
 The Old Levite prerogative,
 And bring new Rotchets in again :
 Till Crows and Jackdaws in disdain
 Of her Pide-feathers, chafe her thence,
 To yeeld to their preheminance :
 For you must know't observ'd of late,
 That Reformation in the State,
 Begets no less by imitation,
 Amidst this chirping feather'd Nation ;
 Cuckoes Ingrate, and Woodcocks some
 Here are, which cause they't seasons come,
 May be compar'd to such as stand
 At Terms, and their returns command ;
 And lest Authority take cold,
 Here's th'Ivies guest of wonder, th' Owl,
 Rust like a Judge, and with a Beak,
 As it would give the charge and speak :
 Then 'tis the Goose and Buzzards art
 Alone, t'perform the Clients part ;
 For neither Dove nor Pigeon shall,
 Whilst they are both exempt from gall
 The Augur Hern, and soaring Kite,
 Kalendar weather in their flight ;
 As doe the Cleanlier Ducks, when they
 Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play ;
 With the fair Cygnet, whose delight
 Is to out-vie the snow in white.

And

And therefore alwayes seeks to hide
 Her feet, lest they allay her pride.
 The Moor-hen, Dobchick, Water rail,
 With little Washdish or Wagtail ;
 The Finch, the Sparrow, Jenny Wren,
 With Robin that's so kinde to men ;
 The Whitetail, and Tom Tit obey
 Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay ;
 The Lyrick Lark doth early rise,
 And mounting, payes her sacrifice ;
 Whilst from some hedg, or close of furs,
 The Partridge calls its Mate, and churrs ;
 And that the Countrey seem more pleasant,
 Each heath hath Powt, and wood yeelds Pheasant ;
*Juno*es delight with Cock and Hens
 Turkeys, are my Domestick friends :
 Nor doe I bird of Prey inlist,
 But what I carry on my Fist :
 Now not to want a Court, a King-
 Fisher is here with Purple wing,
 Who brings me to the spring-head, where
 Crystall is Lymbeckt all the yeere,
 And every Drop distils, implies
 An Ocean of Felicities ;
 Whilst calculating, it spins on,
 And turns the Pebbles one by one,
 Administring to eye and eare
 New Stars, and musick like the Sphere ;
 When every Purle Calcin'd doth run,
 And represent such from the Sun :
 Devouring Pike here hath no place,
 Nor is it stor'd with Roach or Dace ;

The Chub or Cheven not appeare,
 Nor Millers Thumbs, nor Gudgeons here,
 But nobler Trowts, beset with stones
 Of Rubie and of Diamonds,
 Bear greatest sway ; yet some intrench,
 As sharp-finn'd Pearch, and healing Tench ;
 The stream's too pure for Carp to lie,
 Subject to perspicuitie,
 For it must here be understood,
 There are no beds of sand and Mud,
 But such a Gravell as might pose
 The best of Scholars to disclose,
 And books and learning all confute,
 Being clad in water Tissue sute.
 These cool delights help'd with the air
 Fann'd from the Branches of the fair
 Old Beech or Oak, enchantments tie
 To every senses facultie ;
 And master all those powers should give
 The will any prerogative :
 Yet when the Scorching Noon-dayes heat,
 Incommodates the Lowing Neat,
 Or Bleating flock, hither each one
 Halts to be my Companion.
 And when the Western Skie with red-
 Roses bestrews the Day-stars bed :
 The wholesome Maid comes out to Milk
 In ruslet-coats, but skin like silk ;
 Which though the Sun and Air dies brown,
 Will yeeld to none of all the Town
 For softness, and her breaths sweet smell,
 Doth all the new-milcht Kie excell ;

She

She knows no rotten teeth, nor hair
 Bought, or Complexion t'make her fair ;
 But is her own fair wind and drefs,
 Not envying Cities happinefs :
 Yet as ſhe would extend ſome pittty
 To the drain'd Neat ſhe frames a ditty,
 Which doth inchant the beaſt, untill
 It patiently lets her Paile fill ;
 This doth the babbling Eccho catch,
 And ſo at length to me't doth reach :
 Straight rouſed up, I verdict paſs,
 Concluding from this bonny Laſs,
 And the Birds ſtrains, 'tis hard to fay
 Which taught Notes firſt, or ſhe, or they :
 Thus raviſh'd, as the night draws on
 Its fable Curtain, in I'm gon
 To my poor Cell ; which 'cauſe 'tis mine,
 I judge it doth all elſe out-ſhine :
 Hung with content and weather-proof,
 Though neither Pavement nor roof
 Borrow from Marble-quarr below,
 Or from thoſe Hills where Cedars grow.
 There I embrace and kiſs my Spouſe,
 Who like the *Veſta* to the houſe,
 A Sullibub prepares to ſhow
 By care and love what I muſt owe.

Then calling in the Spawn and frie,
 Who whilſt they live ne'r let us die ;
 But every face is hers or mine,
 Though minted yet in leſſer Coin,
 She takes an Apple, I a Plumbe,
 Encouragements for all and ſome :

S 3

Till

Till in return they crown the herth
 With innocent and harmleſs merrth,
 Which ſends us Joyfull to our reſt,
 More than a thouſand others bleſt.

De Imperatorum Julianorum lineæ ultimo :
 Et Sulpitii ſive Electorum primo.

*[/T Cadat infelix nec ſicca morte Tyrannus,
 Vindiclam Patriæ Vindicis Arma dabant :
 Nempe Neronis erat Fatum dum terruit urbem,
 Tandem terriſtico ſuccubuiſſe Ingo.
 Sic Calvum Galbam appellant, ſceptroque recepto,
 Temunt Calvitiem Plebs opinata ſuam.
 Quid tu Cæſarce gauderes nomine Sergi ?
 Cum non Cæſaricus ulla relicta tibi.
 Imperium ſi fortè velit ſupplere relictum,
 Debuit & Capiti Comperiſſe Comas.*

Engliſh'd thus :

That the unhappy *Nero* might be ſaid
 To fall moſt like a Tyrant, not in bed.
Vindex in *France* raiſ'd Armes, and fought thereby
 To vindicate the wrongs of *Italy* :
 The Fates were juſt to Him, ſo frighted *Rome*,
 Making at laſt fear Maſter of his doom :
 So Bald pate *Galba* to the Throne did riſe,
 Whom ſtraight the Common-people 'gan deſpiſe,
 Crying, Why ſhouldſt thou *Cæſar's* name put on,
 When all the hair grew on thy head was gon ?
 If He the Empires Barque anew would rigg,
 He ſhould have brought with him a Periwigg.

In

In quendam Fictilem infirmi Corporis.

*[Infirum & fragile est Corpus tibi (Fictile) verum
Mens tua sub curvo corpore reſta latet.*

Placet in Vulnus, Maxima cervix.

*FLagranti ſtomacho Turdus vorat undique Zuras,
Dum ferit arte gelu frigidior Diem :
Sic modo Pingueſcens capitur, citiuſque paratis,
Ancipis ingeniis præda pretenda jacet.
Sæpiuſ hoc diſcat Diteſcens atque Gulofus,
Sic moderare dapet ut ſibi lucra fiant.
Proſpera nam ſubito mutantur tempora lapſu,
Et latet in pulchro gramine Mortis acus.*

*Vpon a Journey of His Maſteſty's into Scotland,
and His ſafe Return.*

THe Planets whiſt they move in ſeverall Spheres,
Cut out our time in weeks, in months, in yeeres,
In Night and Day ; whoſe revolutions bring
The day, night, week, month, yeer into a Ring.
What doe our Princes leſs, when they goe forth
A Progreſs Weſt or Eaſt, or South or North ?
Is not the firſt ſtep that they forward ſet,
The Suns, when He his Golden locks doth wet
In *Thetis* lap, to all that ſtay behinde ?
Is not the world Eclip'd to them, and blinde ?

Doe

To grow a Minutes Frailty, and them to grow
 To such as live to such as think them so?
 To such as wish; or hanging hopes present
 But in a minute or year in Lament?
 They live, and 'tis not long since we were they
 That look'd as Dead from the Star of Day;
 The Revolving Time pass'd since He did rise.
 He said a General's Order for those Skies,
 That only Giv'ns and her Train.
 To give us hope He would return again:
 And to the Earth enrich again our Sky,
 In doing those things unto maturity.
 Our Sun, with Tragic's chang'd, and the same
 Station of day, new length of night doth claim:
 Those only who by Elevation
 Before enjoy'd a lucid Harshness.
 Once yearly now with more perfection shine
 A while month, *March*, suffering no decline:
 Did I but call it a month? They deem'd it less,
 If they could apprehend their happiness;
 And we I'm sure had reason to think it more,
 Than many Ages counted ere and ere.
 For as the Sun withdrawing leaves one world,
 Into a Winters Tyranny to be hurl'd,
 Whilst it doth bless an Other; so 'twas thus
 In *Scotland, June*; but *February* with us
 Till his return; which chang'd the Season quite,
 Then ours with Corn, with Snow their hills were white;
 The night that was resignes, and day's begun
 With us already by our Gracious Sun.
 Let Them pass Envie-free who boast them may
 In the possession of this Month or Day;
 For time wrapt up in swiftness doth appear
 When past, as if an Age were but a year;

A

A year a month, a month a week, and That
An houre or minute, whilst we console
Our selves may in this blifs ; that future time
Seems alwayes slower-winged in its Clime :
Their Jubile was short and quickly gone,
Ours under CHARLES is a Perpetuall one.

In quendam nomine *Stone-house.*
*S*Axea Pulchra Domus frons est sed nulla fidenda,
Nam si Ipsam introeas, invenies vacuum.

To N. B. an Angler.

THou that dost cast into the Silver brook
Thy worm-fed Hook,
The greedier Fishes so to cheat
Seeking for meat ;
Remember that Times wheel will bring
Thy deeds to censuring ;
And then as thou through wile
Those Creatures didst beguile,
So caught thou'lt be for thy deceit,
And made the food for thine own bait.

Let this suffice to cause thee t'steer aright,
Both day and night ;
That skilfully avoyding this,
That Shelf thou mis ;
For 'tis not all for to repent
Thy youthfull Dayes mispent,
But care must now be had,
The future be not bad.
And as thine Audit waxeth near,
So Thy accounts make perfecter.

T

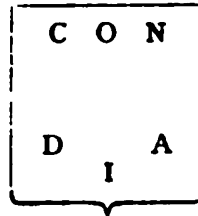
In

(144)

In Quendam Glareosum.

*Quisquis Te docuit Præceptor, fecit & Idem
Littora Qui & sterilem bonus aravit Humum.*

Amoris Sigillum.



*C-orpore Cor latitans nondum est manifeste notatum,
O-re, neque ingenio semper inesse queat :
N-empè quod eximium est pretiisque notabile cernunt,
D-ifficiles aditus Cordis & alter' opus.
I-nnocuos quæ corda viros, faciuntve Fideles,
A-similent animis Pectus & Ora suis.*

English'd :

Mans heart Lockt up within his secret brest,
Cannot by tongue or Gesture be exprest ;
For what's of so great worth, we must suppose,
It is a work of power to disclose :
Such hearts as make Men faithfull and upright,
Arc those at once both Looks and Mindes unite.

Genii

Genii Hujus Laris & Penatum salutatio ;

Ad Rivulum Stanliacum nuper in stagnum
hoc Mervordianum Ductum.

*O Dulce Flumen Vitreum,
Fundens Crystallum Liquidum*

In Mare Hoc Domesticum,

Tu verum Nect̃ar Piscium :

Mulces & Allicis dum curris

Somnos, Muscis susurris :

Nec evigilat Cadentis

Aqua vestra ut Torrentis.

Liceat Rhodano Loquaci

Streptus, quoniam fugaci :

Domum Hanc Circundatum,

Munis & reddis Insulam ;

Sicut Orbem dat Rotundum

Thetis, Tu cingis hunc Mundum.

Afferat Hortorum Decus

Priapus, Pan donet Pecus :

Tu Silvane mittas flores,

Cypria Hic conslet Amores,

Dearum seu Dæorum Chorus,

Totus fiat Munificus,

Ut pro splendore laude Digno

Undecimo addaris signo :

Tunc Omni Numine propitio,

Frui detur sacrificio.

T 2

Virtus

Virtus vera Nobilitas.

What doth He get who ere prefers
The Scutchions of His Ancesters ?
This Chimney-piece of Gold or Brass,
That Coat of Armes Blazon'd in glass ;
When those with time and age have end,
Thy Prowess must thy self commend.
The smooty shadows of some one
Or Others Trophies carv'd in stone,
Defac'd, are things to whet, not try
Thine own Heroicism by.
For cast how much thy Merits score
Falls short of those went thee before ;
By so much art thou in arrear,
And stain'st Gentility I fear.
True Nobleness doth those alone engage,
Who can add Vertues to their Parentage.

Upon a Roe.

*Tramite nil metuat recto Qui incedere vellet
Capreolus, casus devia Rupis habent.*

Upon a Cock.

*Am mea Nocturnos Pellat vigilantia somnos,
Nuntius Auroræ dummodo Gallus adest.*

Upon

(147)

*Vpon King CHARLES return out of
Scotland in November, 1641.*

DOth CHARLES return to make our Climate shine,
And shall not every Spring run Claret-wine?
Is not the Kalendar reverft, and where
Decembers dirt, and th'Frost of *Janivere*,
Threatn'd a winter, now those sheets display
Themselves ore fruitfull *June*, or teeming *May*:
For thus as 'thin the Tropicks may we boast,
That two fair Seasons have twice blest our Coast
Ere one whole year ran round : The time He went
Seeming the Springs forerunner, or our Lent ;
For so He was but borrowed, and we rest
Pleas'd with's return alone, who's interest
Sufficient of Himself, in which bank lies
The Treasure of His subjects hearts and eyes :
See how they Flock else, and with tumbling hast
Are less content because so soon He past.
Be satisf'd, ye have your Prince again,
Fro'th'North, and CHARLES triumphant, not in Wain.

In quendam nomine Squier,
haud Generosum.

*A*Rmiger es neque Arma geris, non Martis at Artis,
Indutus Galea es Ingenioque vales.

T 3

Vpon

*Vpon the King and Queens meeting
after long absence.*

THE welcome flowers of *Aprils* morning dew
Distill'd upon the Bosom of the Earth
Beget a *May* ; whose Liverie anew
Cloaths Fields and Woods, and there creates such mirth
Amidst the winged Quier ; that Eccho tells
It ore again from Natures Minstrells.

The Spicie Gumms that so perfume the East,
To bid the Sun good-morrow ; are not more
Esteem'd for that, than is the golden West,
But that of Treasures Both have hidden store,
Is manifest : no perils can deter
The forward hopes of the Adventurer.

No world, no season, spring, summer, nor fall
In Fruits, in Flowers, Treasures could e're present
Such sweet and wealthy Joyes Harmoniall
From Countrey, or from Element :
As when our Gracious King and his bright Queen,
Did after Twelve months parted interveen.

In Sim. & Lev. Pot. & Top.

*Natura His par est, Vitio nam non caret Alter,
Et virtute Carens Alter, uterque Opibus.*

Cor-

(149)

Cordium Concordia vera.

| | | | |
|---------------|----------------|-------------|-------------|
| <i>In</i> | | <i>In</i> | <i>In</i> |
| <i>obed</i> | <i>In</i> | <i>Deuo</i> | <i>Amo</i> |
| <i>ientia</i> | <i>ti o ne</i> | | <i>re</i> |
| <i>Præ</i> | <i>fla</i> | | <i>Abun</i> |
| <i>stans</i> | <i>grans</i> | | <i>dans</i> |

It is not meant, that three in one should be,
But in each heart triple Capacitie,
Wherewith to serve ones God, ones King, ones Friend,
To which assign'd, and for no other end ;
 In Flaming Zeal upwards to mount again,
 In Loyalty to own a Sovereign,
 In mutuall Love society t'maintain.

To N. B. for his Company.

FRIEND, Can I be at home, and you the fame,
 Yet neither meet ?
 The Curteous Flame the Flame,
 And Streams each other greet,
Although it seem from either Pole they came,
 Or farthest stretch'd
 Meridian fetch'd.

Surely

Surely it is but some malignant Starr
 That would debarr
 This Influence, for fear
 We should more bright appear :
 Souls in Conjunction frame the perfect't Sphere,
 So I to you must move, or you move here.

Ad Amicum, de Vita Beata.

*ME qualem capiat Iudice Formulam,
 Vitæ Commodius Tempora solvere :
 Nec tantum tenui pareat Ilici,
 Quem frangant Aquilones ; neque vertici
 Pinus stelliferæ fidat ut arduo :
 Imis non careant Cælica Culmina,
 Permitque Occiduis Lucifer Alpibus.*

*Non est ut nihilo Laudæ Parvulo
 Speret maxima ; nam semper honoribus
 Tantis præfigitur Lubrica Scalula ; quæ
 Ergo, nec cupiat Ditior ut fiet
 Ponti Teutonici Littore : Fertileque
 Agro vivere Fagis celeberrimo
 Nondum nunc Placeat : Vinca Ripula
 Secretis liceat sit nota passibus
 Mentem nec laceret, Pondera talibus
 Incumbunt Gravia : est Montis Acutuli
 Ditantem-Locum ut in subsidium petat.
 Alis Si-Lincis pervolet æquora
 Quisquam, Naufragium vix fuget ultimum :
 Et si in Remiget Omnibus Annibus.*

Portus

*Portus non Aditum hic invenit Ullibi ;
 Quam Quot in Tonitru Hesperies Vomit,
 Dotes provideant Indica Viscera ;
 Dum Marfupia fert Alter Arostolus
 Simonis Filio nec fit Iniquior :
 Cæptis væ nisi fit cautus Angellulus,
 Cum Parvo sonitu subrepat Inscia
 Frigella, & Nemorum jurgia fuscitet,
 Subrifum moveat Pullus Hirundinis,
 Necnon & Monacho cui Domus arbore.
 Exit ter nobilis cedere Conjugis,
 Voto qui voluit fit licet improbum,
 In Vanumque habeat quidquid & impedit,
 Mentem quin sibi jam comparet integram
 Vivat nam facili, cumque parabili
 Re ; nec Carleolis invidet Artibus.
 Sed Coco vacuus præparet Allia,
 Gustum sic patina in contrahat optimum :
 Nec defint Oleo Crurula Pulluli,
 Reprensa ex Pridianòque superstite,
 Adfit Bos Aridus, Lingulaque Hinnuli
 Suis Buccina, Ientacula optime
 Condit Rancida tunc Artocrea addita
 Baccæ Cervisia est in pretio, afferat
 Promus Poculūque Alcimedontica :
 Sestari Leporem Climate Limpido,
 Dum suadet Catulis hora sagacibus,
 Cedant Temporibus dumque Caniculis
 Brumæ sydera jam quæritet anxie :
 Damarum Domus, in Queis tremebundula
 Terret Hospites & Silva Populeis.
 Si quando libeat Limine proprio
 Versari Officiis, non Saliaribus*

U

Iaclet

*Iactet Famineis ; Sed ut Equestribus
 Se exornet studiis, Ferre Ferocibus
 Dans Pullis ; Sonipes Lorea despuat :
 Nunc volvens pedibus queis viduaverat
 Vulturinus Nemora, & nunc Folia, abditis
 In Musæolis & vertere Daëtylo,
 Sic fitque ut valido Corpore gaudeat
 Solutus Medico Hic, atque Animo simul.*

In praise of Fidelia.

GEt thee a Ship well rigg'd and tight,
 With Ordnance store, and Man'd for fight,
 Snug in Her Timbers Mould for th'Seas,
 Yet large in Hould for Merchandies;
 Spread forth her Cloth, and Anchors waigh,
 And let her on the Curld-waves play,
 Till Fortune-tow'd, she chance to meet
 Th'Hesperian home-bound Western Fleet ;
 Then let Her board-um, and for Price
 Take Gold-ore, Sugar-canes, and Spice.
 Yet when all these Sh'hath brought a shore,
 In my *Fidelia* I'll finde more.

*Two Turtles billing, and death with his Sithe
 over them, ready to make separation ; To whom this
 Divide & Impera.*

Nature hath ore Affection so much won,
 To knit a knot never to be undon
 Whilst life remains ; but Death to shew his power
 Cuts and Divides, so becomes Emperour :
 Yet the Rebel for to prevent Fates charmes,
 Both voluntary flock into Deaths armes.

To



(153)

To Sir John VVentworth, upon his *Curiosities*
and *Courteous entertainment at Summerly*
in LOVINGLAND.

WHen thou the choice of Natures wealth haft skan'd,
And brought it to compare with *Lovingland* ;
Know, that thou maist as well make wonder lefs,
By fancying of two Timbering Phoenixes
At the fame time : and dream two Suns to rife
At once, to caſt fire 'midſt thoſe Spiceries :
(Pregnant She is) yet that muſt not deny
The pureſt Gold to come from *Barbary*,
Diamonds and Pearl from th'*Indies*, to confer
On every Clime ſome thing peculier,
(For ſo She hath :) And like a ſum to all
That Curious is, ſeems here moſt liberall,
Affording in Epitome at leaſt,
What ere the world can boaſt of, or call beſt.
Now as contracted vertue doth excell
In power and force, This ſeems a Miracle ;
Wherein all Travailers may truly ſay,
They never ſaw ſo much in little way :
And thence conclude their folly, that did ſteer
To ſeek for that abroad, at home was neer
In more perfection : Wouldſt thou *Phæbe* meet,
Apollo, or the *Muſes* ? not in *Creet*
And *Greece*, but Here, at *Summerly*, thoſe are
Remov'd to dwell, under a Patrons care,
Who can as much Civility expreſs,
As *Candie* lies, or *Grecia* Barbarouſneſs :
Wouldſt thou be ſheltred under *Daphnes* groves,
Or chooſe to live in *Tempe*, or make loves

U 2

To

Iactet Fæmineis;
Se exornet studiis.
Dans Pullis; S
Nunc volens
Vulturus
In Muscib
Sic fitque
Solutus

GEt thee a
 With C
 Snug in He
 Yet large i
 Spread fo
 And let l
 Till Fort
 Th'He
 Then l
 Take
 Ye
 Il.

the Pine
 the
 the
 the descend
 the's devif'd,
 the
 the the Aire
 the are:
 the both infer,
 the Mariner:
 the Walks, some strait,
 the worms to bait
 the honour come,
 the

Nor

Nor is there water wanting in this wood,
 Clear as if running, Calm as if it stood,
 And so contriv'd by Natures helper Art,
 There's no appearance from the whole or part,
 That any fullen Sluce to malice bent
 Can open to impair that Element ;
 Nor yet th'Ambition of a Springs ore-flow,
 Cause it t'exceed, or Limits overthrow.

Thus like a gold Chain link'd, or Bracelet strung,
 From Carkanet Pleasures on Pleasures hung,
 And such delightfull objects did descry
 Pursuing of each other, that the ey
 Astonish'd at such wonder, did crave rest,
 For fear of Forfeiting its interest
 In so great blifs, for over-dazled t'grew,
 And dim of sight made by each object new.

So there's a parley granted, and some space
 To gather strength 'twixt This and t'other place,
 But very short, not half a Mile at most.

We landed were again, and made a Coast ;
 Where if all ancient Poets were to write,
 They'd need no other fountain to indite
 Story of all kindes with, but dip their pen,
 Then swear the Muses more then nine, were ten ;
 For here dwelt one whose Magick could infuse
 A fluency beyond all other Muse,
 And Court the Soil, with so much Art applide,
 That all the world seems Barbarous beside.

Here Fish and Fowl inhabit with such state,
 As Lords and Ladies wont when served in Plate,
 Rich Arras, or the like, Bill, Breed, and swim
 In all delightfull folace to the brim.

U 3

Decoy'd

To any place w.
 Upon the Hill
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 Nor yet en
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 ... is
 ... was meant by this.
 ... to whom
 ... there to sum
 ...
 ...
 ... the while,
 ... demand, Those the foile.

... tantem.

... valēbas,
 ... plus eras :
 ... valet hospes,
 ... bene Sotus ero.

Upon

(157)

*Vpon King CHARLES's meeting with the
Dukes of YORK and GLOCESTER, and the
Lady ELIZABETH, his three children at
Maidenhead, the 15 of July, 1647.*

AFTER a drowth, like welcome rain,
To Bless the Grasse and Flowers again,
Lick up those dusty heats destroy
Their brisker hude, Virginity :
No less of Comfort and of sweets
Proves it now *Charles* his Children meets ;
When an intestine Warlike force,
Had caus'd so many years divorce.
He prays for them ; their tender eyes
Return'd Him duty sacrifice :
Until each others breast appears
Affection all dissolv'd to Tears,
Which to the High-mark-point flown on,
Stand ready brim'd for passion.
But here all Humors that annoy
Are banish'd, and give place to Joy ;
Yet such as doth prevail oft times,
To make a tear no mark of Crimes.

All streams come from, and return to the Sea.

*Quæris aquas sitiens ? nescis quod Flumina Cuncta
In Mare se rapiunt, nec satur ? ah sitias.*

Nox

(159)

In readventum meum ad Antiquos Lares.

*Tempora sic renovant verno sub fidere Terras,
Sylva & frondiferis sic reparata Comis,
Post tenebras sic grata Dies : sic Fluminis unda
Gaudens Oceanum reperiisse suum :
Ut Meus Antiquos iterum spectare Penates,
Exultans Animus quod liquisse suos.*

Englilh'd :

The Spring thus doth the Earth repair,
The Wood thus puts on Leavie hair
Of more acceptance, so's a Spark
Of Light after it had been dark :
The Rivers thus exprefs desire,
Hast'ning to finde their proper Sire ;
As all this My return implies
To My Old Houfhold Deities.

Navis in Tempestate.

*Fortuna & ventis agitur Loca certa tenere,
Nescia fit Dominis paret ut Illa suis.*

The Fallacy of hopes or wishes.

All present good goes lefs : by Hopes we deem
Things Great ; as Lights farr distant greater seem.

X

My

My Farewell to the Court.

GOe (fond Deluder of our senses) finde
 Some other Objects Henceforth, to make blinde
 With that thy glittering folly ; for no more
 I will be dazled with thy falser Ore ;
 Nor shall thy Syren-songs enchant, to tast
 Or smell, or touch those Sorceries thou hast :
 But I will strive first in my self to be
 So much mine own, as not to flatter thee ;
 And then my Countreys, for whose welfare still
 My native thoughts prompt to impress my will,
 And that draws Action forth, whereby to show
 To whom, and what, and when, and where I owe :
 Not as this nod, or beck, or wink, or glance
 Would dictate and imply, to follow chance,
 Fortune, or Favours ever-turning wheel ;
 But to be firm and Constant, back'd with steel
 And resolution for to give the True
 God what is His, and Cæsar Tribute due,
 And that in season too for time and place,
 As th'one requires, and th'other affords grace :
 Not such as onely from vain Titles springs,
 And turns to bubble, to court Prince or Kings
 With feign'd applauses of whate're they speak
 Or doe, be't ne're so frothy, fond, or weak ;
 But what is clad in truth, and dares not lie,
 Though all the world should turn its Enemie,
 Brand it for want of breeding, and conclude
 Because it not dissembles, therefore t's rude.
 Those dancing dayes are done, nor longer sute
 My disposition to the Harp or Lute,

Horn-

Horn-pipe, or other Instruments have been
The Common-wealths disease, ore-swoln its spleen.

Jockie and *Finnie* footing may appear
Most trim at the next Wake in *Darby-shire* ;
Gotyer sail from the Clouds to catch our ears,
And represent the harmony o'th' Spheres ;
Will. Laufe excell the dying swan : *Laneer*
Nick it with Ravishments from touch of *Lyre*,
Yet uncontroul'd by These, I safely may
Survive ; sithence not stung by th' *Tarantula*,
(That tickling beast, Ambition, that makes sport
In our hot Climate, call'd the verge of Court)
And so resolve, dressing my mindes content,
Henceforward to be calm, and represent
Nothing but what my Birth and Calling draw
My life out for, my God, my King, my Law.
And when for these my wearied breath is spent,
Let with my last bloods drop one sigh be sent.

How to ride out a Storm.

HE onely happy is, and wise,
Can Cunn his Barque when Tempests rise,
Know how to lay the Helm and steer,
Lie on a Tack Port and Laveer,
Sometimes to weather, then to Lee,
As waves give way, and winds agree ;
Nor Boom at all in such a stress,
But by degrees Loom Les and Les ;
Ride out a Storm with no more loss
Than the endurance of a Toss :
For though he cannot well bear saile
In such a fresh and powerfull Gale,

X 2

Yet

Yet when there is no other shift,
 Thinks't not amiss to ride a drift ;
 To shut down Ports, and Tyers to Hale in,
 To Seal the hatch up with Tarpalin ;
 To Ply the Pump, and no means slack,
 May clear Her Bilge, and keep from wrack ;
 To take in Cloth, and in a word,
 Unlade, and cut the Mast by bord :
 So Spoon before the Wind and Seas,
 Where though she'll Roule, she'll goe at ease ;
 And not so strain'd, as if laid under
 The wave that Threatens sudden founder ;
 And whilst the fury and the rage,
 Leaves little hope for Anchorage ;
 Yet if She can but make a Coast
 In any time, She'll not be lost,
 But in affections Bay will finde
 A Harbour suited to her minde :
 Where Casting out at first the Kedg,
 Which gives Her ground, and priviledg
 Of stop, she secondly lets fall
 That Anchor from the Stream men call ;
 The Others all a Cock-bell fet,
 One after other down are let
 Into the Sea ; till at the last
 She's come to Moorage, and there fast,
 In hopes to be new Shethd 's inclin'd
 To lie aside untill Carin'd ;
 That when She shall be paid again,
 So Grav'd, She may endure the Main.
 Thus when his Vessell hath out-gon
 This and that rugged motion,

His



His Pole-starr's fix'd, and guides him there
 Where CHARLES is not in wain but sphere ;
 Then He'll another Voyage try,
 Laden with Faith and Loyalty,
 Which He no sooner parts with, than
 Dry ground becomes an Ocean.

In Incurfionem Guftavicam, vel introitum
 in Germaniam.

*Q*uem¹ Domus Austriaca ab Patriis secluserat Oris,
 Hunc² Gustave suum ad jam remeare facis :
 Nempè Palatinum Cælesti numine tutum
 Fecit, & est Populi Dux Deus Ipse sui :
 Vidit, & attonitas aperit Franconia³ portas,
⁴ Hispanos refugos, ⁵ Cæsareosque ferunt.
⁶ Dura per immites salierunt mœnia flammæ,
 Sævitiâ pingens Militis⁷ Arva jacet.
⁸ Albis clara suis lymphis mutata, colore
 Et quasi Rubescens sanguinolenta fluit.
 Vnde fit? aut quorsum mutatio tanta? requiris
⁹ Cur fugis à Portis Walslane dire tuis?
 Quæ¹⁰ fugiendi animum Fernande occasio reddit,
 Quis Tibi dat vulnus? quis metus ora tenet?
¹¹ Quid latitas Claustris tantis fœliciter annis
 Castra regens? vivens cur Monumenta petis?
 Vltor adest Dominus, Gentem victâmq; reponit
 Victtricem : Populum restituitque suum,
¹² Saxonidque vires tandem laxavit in usum,
 Et Suecus¹³ largo¹⁴ flumine cuncta tulit.

bus Populoque Germanico tollatur & ut eis pristinae restaurentur Libertates: Almania quasi Tota & quæ
 Hyrcinia sylvâ cincta Sibi subdita.

¹ Bohemæ rex
 seu Palatinus.
² Rex Suetiæ.
³ Pro omni in
 Palatinatus Ci-
 vitate.
⁴ Ex Opnam.
⁵ Wirtsburg.
⁶ Magdeburg.
⁷ Gods acre
 prælium Lipsic.
⁸ The Elve flum.
 German.
⁹ Palatinum in
 Prague.
¹⁰ Imperator in
 fugam paratus ut
 fama.
¹¹ Tillius in Mo-
 nasterium subre-
 ptus ut fama sed
 mendax.
¹² Saxoniz dux
 qui se neutralem
 huc usque refer-
 vasset.
¹³ Hoc ita di-
 ctum à multitu-
 dine militum.
¹⁴ Hoc veto à
 puritate causæ
 ad suscipiendum
 hoc Bellum
 maxime moven-
 tis, viz. ut Aquilæ
 juga à Principi-

Rofes & Lys unys.

[sic]

*Q*uid *Ganymedæas formas canis & Iovis Ignēs,*
Reddit enim Cæcos Ipse Cupido Deos :
Quidve Helenam numeras ? nempe est perfectio Formæ
Unica, cum fuerint Lilia nupta Rosis.

Mart. l. 7.
Ep. 38.

Vpon Celius.

WHilst *Celius* can no longer hear
The Newes-transporting Babbler ;
Nor yet endure a Morning spent
In entertaining Complement
From This or That Great person : He
Feigneth a Gouty Infirmitie ;
And better falshood to disguise,
His founder feet with swathes he ties,
And seems to goe in pain as far,
As art can prove a Crippeler :
Till She to Nature turns at last,
And so in earnest *Celius's* fast.

Mart. l. 10.
Ep. 47.

A happy Life.

THat which Creates a happy life,
Is substance left, not gain'd by strife,
A fertile and a Thankfull mold,
A Chimney alwayes free from Cold ;
Never to be the Client, nor
But feldome times the Counsellor.

A

(165)

A Minde content with what is fit,
Whose strength doth most consist in Wit ;
A Body nothing prone to be
Sick, a Prudent Simplicitie ;
Such Friends as of ones own rank are ;
Homely fare, not fought from farre ;
The table without Arts help spread ;
A night in Wine not buried,
Yet drowning Cares ; a Bed that's blest
With true Joy, Chastity, and rest ;
Such short sweet Slumber as may give
Lefs time to die in't, more to live :
Thine own Estate whate're commend,
And wish not for, nor fear thine end.

In Magif. Vilet.

*A Nni Hæc prima Dies Veris sic prima videtur,
Quæ simul & Violam vidimus & Glaciem.*

To Quintianus.

THat in *December* when gifts fly
From this to that Friend mutually,
I nought but Books send, thou'lt Judg thus,
Perhaps I'm Avaracious ;
No, know I hate those fond deceits,
And Crafts in gifts are like to baits
On hooks, whereon a Fly doth cheat
The greedier Fish when it would eat.
And whilst a Poor man sendeth not at all
Unto's rich friends, He seems most Liberall.

*Mart. l. 5.
Ep. 18.*

In

In quendam Militem panem in
dorsum portantem.

*Quid mirum si Ille oneret, non tergum onerare recusat,
Natum Cuius erat tergum quæ exonerare suum.*

Ad Scoto-Britannum cui Carolus
noster se subtraxit.

*Quid mirum si Scoto Rex, quid mirabile Scotus,
Natus utique Anglis dum datur ille suis
Rex Angli signata, se non modo debita solvant
Scoto memini, Regem fac revenire Tuum.*

English'd :

What wonder ist, the King to'th Scots is fled,
What wonder, the English He was Borrowed,
Scots is requir'd: that all their debts pay thus,
Let our Brethren send Him back to us.

Naturæ defectus.

*Si Naturæ gratia est placidum simul, integra non est
Natura nec tam quæ cupit Ipsa suum:
Quæ si placidum est, placidum natura videtur
Quæ si placidum est, placidum se cupuisse suis.*

In

(167)

In Mortem fui Thefei, J. D. foronem
ducturi, Anno 1623.

*N*omine si hoc unquam mors (Invidiosa) meretur,
Tempora sint Lachrymis digna vel ulla meis,
Ecce adsunt : Hymen ipse Tedas cum accendere jussit,
Accenditque suam Mors gemibunda facem.
Inque Elegos vertit Nuptialia Carmina, risus
In Gemitus ; vestes nunc Color unus habet :
Amarectque fugat flores invisa Cupressus,
Atque suis Ramis Tempora Cineta tenet.
Dumque Meæ jam partem animæ rapit, altera resto
Mancus, & ingrata est quæ mihi vita manet.

In Obitum Nobilissimi Principis Mauriti
Hassæ Landgravii, Anno 1633.

*G*ustavum doleant Alii, doleantve secessum
Heu Frederice tuum ; nec Careant Lachrymis,
Fontibus ex binis gemini mandre dolores,
Nam duplex Cordi Causa gementis erat :
Nunc ni Triformi huic maneat pars altera telis,
Impercussa suis Mors inopina redit :
Tertius & Princeps semper descendus ab omni,
Parte perit Patriæ Lausque decusque suæ :
Virtutes Alii quibus est facundia narrent,
Suppressa Hæc tanto pondere Musa fileat.

Y

An

(166)

In quendam Militem panem

dorsum portantem.

*V*entrem ut Hic oneret, non tergum onere
*V*entrem Onerat tergum quæ ex

Ad Scoto-Britannum cui

noster se subtrahit.

*Q*uod fugit ad Scotos Rex, quid miror
*M*utuo nempe Anglis dum dat.
*R*editus est igitur: sic cum modo de
*C*uncti iterum, Regem fac re

English'd

What wonder is't, the King to
When by the English He wa
So now's restor'd: that all t
I'd wish our Brethren send

Natur

*S*I Peccare grave est plac
*N*atura, exitium q
*L*ex vel dura nimis, quâ
*O*ffensa, & Vinc?

Pallor Fido.

(169)

In Obitum Ben. Johnf. Poetæ eximii.

HE who began from Brick and Lime
The Muses Hill to climbe ;
And whilom buſied in laying Ston,
Thirſted to drink of *Helicon* ;
Changing His Trowell for a Pen,
Wrote ſtraight the Temper not of Dirt but Men,

Now ſithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gone
Let Thoſe remain of th'occupation
He honor'd once, ſquare Him a Tomb may ſay
His Craft exceeded far a Dawbers way.
Then write upon't, He could no longer tarry,
But was return'd again unto the Quarry.

Of an Old Man.

HAppy is He who on his own fields ſtage,
And no where elſe, hath acted ore his Age ;
He, whom his own houſe, (had it eyes and tongue)
Might ſay it ſees Him old, and ſaw him young,
Now truſting to a ſtaff, he treads thoſe ſands
He formerly had crept on with his hands :
So reckons up the long deſcent and (dotage
Through decays) of that his homely Cottage,
He ne'r was drawn with fortunes Train to haſte,
Nor did He flatter Forain ſprings with taſte ;
He was no Merchant-man might fear the Straits,
Nor Souldier fancying Military baits ;

Y 2

He

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of solutions of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β . It is shown that the system has solutions for all values of the parameters α and β if the function $f(x)$ is continuous and has a bounded derivative.

2. In the second part of the paper the problem of the existence of solutions of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is solved. It is shown that the system has solutions for all values of the parameters α and β if the function $f(x)$ is continuous and has a bounded derivative.

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So become Passive too : Scratch but thine ear,
 Then boldly tell what weather's drawing near.
 For I'll conclude, no storm of Fortune can
 Prevail ore *Cæsar's* barque, an honest Man.

Sola Bella che piace.

'TIs but a folly to be nice,
 Since liking sets on Beauty price,
 And what we do affect alone,
 Becomes to Each His Paragon :
 All Colour, Shape, or Form, we know
 Improve to best to those think so ;
 For where Esteem its Anchor wets,
 There grows true Pearl, no Counterfets.
 Were She as Crooked as a Pin,
 And yet could Love, it were no sin
 To love again ; for Writers tell,
 That love hath in't the Loadstones spell :
 Were She proportion'd like the Sphere,
 No Limb or Joint Irregular ;
 Yet to my fancy if she Jarr,
 I shall not fail by such a Starr :
 Did She out-vie the new-born Day,
 Or th'richest Treasuries of May
 So that what Skies or Flowers put on,
 Give place to her Complexion,
 I'll soon deem a black Wench white,
 Thats suiting to my Appetite.
 Well, in conclusion, hath She Fair,
 Or Brown, or Black, or Golden hair
 Where one is *Cupid* struck, *Venus* is there.

*Magnes amor-
 ris amor.*

To

Y 3

To Retirednefs.

NExt unto GOD, to whom I owe
 What e're I here enjoy below,
 I muſt indebted ſtand to Thee,
 Great Patron of my Libertie ;
 For in the Cluſter of affaires,
 Whence there are dealing ſeverall ſhares :
 As in a Trick Thou haſt conveigh'd
 Into my hand what can be ſaid ;
 Whilſt He who doth himſelf poſſeſs,
 Makes all things paſs him ſeem farr leſs.

Riches and Honors that appear
 Rewards to the Adventurer,
 On Either tide of Court or Seas,
 Are not attain'd nor held with eaſe ;
 But as unconfancy bears ſway,
 Quickly will fleet and Ebb away :
 And oft when Fortune thoſe Confers,
 She gives them but for Torturers :
 When with a Minde Ambition-free,
 Theſe, and much more come home to Me.

Here I can fit, and fitting under
 Some portions of His works of wonder,
 Whoſe all are ſuch, obſerve by reaſon,
 Why every Plant obeys its ſeaſon ;
 How the Sap riſes, and the Fall,
 Wherein They ſhake off Leafs and all ;
 Then how again They bud and ſpring,
 Are laden for an Offering :
 Which whilſt my Contemplation ſees,
 I am taught Thankfulneſs from trees.

Then

Then turning over Natures leaf,
 I mark the Glory of the Sheaf,
 For every Field's a severall page,
 Disciphering the Golden Age :
 So that without a Miners pains,
 Or *Indie's* reach, here plenty reigns ;
 Which watred from above, implies,
 That our acknowledgments should rise
 To Him, that thus creates a birth
 Of Mercies for us out of Earth :

Here, is no other Case in Law,
 But what the Sun-burnt Hat of Straw,
 With crooked Sickle reaps and bindes-
 Up into Sheaves to help the hindes ;
 Whose arguing alon's in this,
 Which Cop lies well, and which amifs,
 How the Hock-Cart with all its gear
 Should be trick'd up, and what good chear,
Bacon with *Cook's* reports exprefs,
 And how to make the Tenth goe lefs.

There, are no other Warrs, or Strife's—
 Encouragers, shrill Trumpets, Fyfes,
 Or horrid Drumms ; but what Excels
 All Mufick, Nature's Minstrels
 Piping and Chirping, as they fit
 Embowr'd in branches, dance to it :
 And if at all Thofe doe conteft,
 It is in this, but, which fings beft :
 And when they have contended long,
 I [though unfeen] muft judg the Song.

Thus

Thus out of fears, or noise of Warr,
 Crowds, and the clamourings at Barr ;
 The Merchant's dread, th'unconstant tides,
 With all Vexations besides ;
 I hugg my Quiet, and alone
 Take thee for my Companion,
 And deem in doing so, I've all
 I can True Conversation call :
 For so my Thoughts by this retreat
 Grow stronger, like contracted heat.

Whether on Natures Book I muse,
 Or else some other writes on't, use
 To spend the time in, every line,
 Is not excentrick but Divine :
 And though all others downward tend,
 These look to heaven, and ascend
 From whence they came ; where pointed hie,
 They ravish into Mysterie,
 To see the footsteps here are trod
 Of mercy by a Gracious God.

*Nunquam
 minus solus.*

To my Book.

G Oe, and my Blessing with Thee ; then remain
 Secure, with such as kindly entertain :
 If sent to any Others, tell them this,
 The Author so takes but his Mark amiss :
 Who's fearless of reproach from Criticks skill,
 Seing, t'look a given horse ith' mouth sounds ill :
 And what alone to Friends he would impart,
 Hath not at all to doe with Fair or Mart.
 Wherefore whoever shall peruse these Rimes,
 Must know, they were beguilers of spare times.

TEAOS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Page 1, "*Columna Fidei*," l. 5, "*For out of sight and minde*" = the proverb 'Out of sight out of mind'; l. 12, '*to Him [who] descended*'—this *clipsis* is frequent in these Poems.
- " " "*On the Title Page*," l. 1, "*a Foule* [that is] *wont* [to] *hide*" = ostrich.
- " 2, "*Ad Libellum Suum*," ll. 3-4—a faint echo of Herrick's famous couplet meets my ear in these lines.
- " 6, "*Celi*," &c., st. 3, l. 3, "*untell*" = until—by stress of rhyme.
- " 8, "*My Countrey Audit*," l. 8, "*keeping touch*" = keeping contract after agreement by shake or 'touch' of hands.
- " 9, l. 5, "*brickle*" = brittle; l. 22, "*knowl*" = knell or toll.
- " 10, "*My Carroll*," st. 2, l. 8, "*Mirabolan*" = an oriental aromatic: misspelled often 'marablane.'
- " 12, "*Ascensus Gratiarum*," l. 6, "*Wool-facks*" = seat of the Lord Chancellor; here = God's throne.
- " 15, "*Annus annulus*," &c., l. 5, "*Bifronted*" = double-faced; l. 18, "*Cutchinneal*" = dye of the famous shell-fish; l. 28, "*Vale*" = veil.
- " 16, l. 14, "*all embling*" = qu., dissembling? or qu. = all-beautifying? *i.e.*, embellishing; l. 18, "their" supplied in the Author's autograph in our exemplar.
- " " "*My Observation at Sea*," l. 6, "*Oceon*"—note spelling.
- " 17, l. 3, "*confer*" = compare; l. 4, "*what Gravel'd the Philosopher*" = the old classical myth of the tides; l. 25, "*pleas*" = pleases.
- " 18, "*fresh-Mackerell Gale*" = gale or wind as suits going to fish 'mackerell'?
- " 22, "*Man Levens the Batch*" = a quantity of dough for bread at a time or one baking.
- " 25, "*Love begets Fear*," l. 11, "*scoale*" = scale.
- " 29, "*A Carroll*," l. 4, "*predominize*" = dominate.
- " 33, l. 8, "*frutted*" = swelled, full-filled. Cf. Herrick, vol. ii, pp. 25-6, 219.
- " 35, "*A Hymn*," l. 2, "*Period*" = end, a stand.
- " 49, l. 2, "*candid*" = white, or = candeyed?
- " 52, l. 10, "*Dide*" = died.
- " 53, l. 5, "*Fescue*" = pointer—of wire or wood.
- " 65, l. 10, "*Domitians game*" = killing flies; l. 11, "*Sluggards shame*" = the ant; l. 12, "*Bloodless creeping beast*" = snail; l. 14, "*Legless one*" = worm.

- Page 67, "*Vpon the Rich Glutton*," &c., l. 6, "*Galad*"—probably a misprint for '*Salad*'=sailed, but retained, as it may be=galleyed, or sailed over by galleys.
- .. 68, "*A Reveille*," &c., l. 8, "*Cashiers*"—a now familiar word; l. 19, "*line*"=lain.
- .. 69, l. 9, "*forre*"=soar; ll. 18-19, by a comma after '*Whole*' I have tried to give a sense to this optical bit.
- .. 70, "*Quid Amabilis*," l. 4, "*touch*"=test; ll. 14-15, *Bairling Rolobuds sack*—not as his friend Herrick.
- .. 77, l. 17, "*blather*"=bladder.
- .. 78, l. 16, "*farcall*"=pinion of a hawk's wing.
- .. 80, l. 19, "*Tract*"=trace.
- .. 87, l. 10, "*Making*"=steering to.
- .. 90, l. 22, "*batch*." See on page 22.
- .. 91, l. 9, "*reduce*"=lead back.
- .. 118, l. 4, "*Skools*"=scales.
- .. 127, "*Occasion'd by facing a Walk*," &c., l. 4, "*Unleav'd*"=leaves smitten off; l. 8, "*Fall*"=autumn—still a living word in America. See p. 144, l. 13.
- .. 132, l. 13, "*Candid*"=white. Cf. on p. 49, l. 2.
- .. 136, l. 3, "*Pypingy*"=parrot; l. 6, "*Augur Hern*"—a comma which I have removed confused the sense.
- .. 137, l. 3, "*Dab chick*"=dab-chick; l. 11, "*close*"=lane.
- .. 138, l. 1, "*Chreen*"=block-head; l. 2, "*Millers Thumbs*"=bull-head; also a kind of cod-fish.
- .. 139, l. 21, "*Marble-quarr*"=quarry; l. 27, "*Sponen*"=children; last line, "*all and some*"=the whole and each.
- .. 143, "*To N. B.*"=some anonymous fellow-disciple of angling.
- .. 146, l. 7, "*smooty*"=smutty.
- .. 152, last line, "*flect*"=flock?
- .. 153, *Sir John VVentworth*=Strafford of History; l. 4, "*Timbering*"=building?
- .. 155, "*Carkand*"=neck-lace—sometimes a jewel-case?
- .. 156, l. 11, "*Gammuth*"=gamut? l. 12, "*Tychobrack*"=Tycho Brahe.
- .. 157, l. 4, "*hude*"=hood; l. 10, "*duty*"=qu. 'duly'?
- .. 158, "*To Prince Charles*," l. 6, "*Gleck*"=game of 44 cards.
- .. 161, l. 5, "*Gotyer sail from the Clouds*"—Herrick spells '*Goteire*,' corrected in errata to '*Gotiere*.' He is celebrated in his *Lyrick to Mirth*, l. 13:

"Then shall *Wilson* and *Gotiere*

Never sing, or play more here." Vol. i, p. 67.

l. 7, "*Will. Laufe*"=William Lawes, another famous musician and composer celebrated by Herrick. See vol. iii, p. 10; *Ibid.*, "*Lancer*"—called by Herrick, '*rare Lanier*,' vol. ii, p. 293.

Cf. also vol. i, p. 148; "*How to ride out a Storm*," l. 2, "*Cun*"
= con, *i.e.*, study to take care of.

Page 162, l. 9, "*Spoon*" = spin, drive; l. 23, "*Cock-bell*"—obscure to me.

„ 168, "*On a Player*," l. 17, "*flops*" = breeches.

„ 169, "*Of an old Man*"—after Claudian.

„ 173, l. 16, "*Cep*" = mound or heap.

„ 171, "*TEAOS*." This recalls the close of the *Hesperides*:

"Of all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the *APXH* and the *TEAOS* too."

A. B. G.

XXIV. EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Page 7, l. 12 (from foot), '*Bonargests*' = Boanerges — St. Mark iii. 17.

- „ 10, l. 8, '*Mirabolan*' — our Myrobolan, or Indian plum. There were then five varieties known, chiefly used as purgatives; but some also as a preserved fruit. Now they are used in calico printing, dyeing, and tanning.
- „ 12, l. 6, '*Woolseeks*,' the seats on which the graces or virtues sit, assistants or assessors, therefore (as the plural also shows) *not* = God's throne.
- „ 15, l. 18, '*Cutchinneal*' = cochineal, an insect, *i.e.*, *Coccus Cacti*, which lives on the *Cactus opuntia*. It would seem that in Elizabethan times this was thought to be a grain or fruit from some plant. The *murex*, *i.e.*, the shell-fish that produced the ancient Tyrian purple is quite another thing. It may be a question whether the Earl confounded them; l. 5 (from foot), '*summering*' — to be noted.
- „ 16, l. 14, '*embling*.' I take this to be = making an emblem of, or embolizing. He coined (or his contemporaries) the verb to emble = to emblemize.
- „ 18. The phrase is used by Dryden, gale being used as that breeze which ripples the water, for mackerel are caught by a running or moving bait.
- „ 33, l. 8, '*strutted*' — inquiring at a cabinet-makers whether 'strutt,' a carpentering term for support, could be used for the 'support' on which wine casks are placed to keep them from the ground, he replied to a friend, 'that while the supports now usually made are separate things, he thought they might.' Hence 'strutted' was, perhaps = supported.
- „ 41, l. 21, '*wed*' = weeded.
- „ 49, l. 2, '*candid*' = shining; also 88, last l., and 134, l. 13.
- „ 51, l. 12, '*whole-sale*' — early use of the compound — usually the sense is expressed 'in the gross.' Skeat, quoting Todd, says "used by Addison."
- „ 52, ll. 7-8 — reminiscence of Shakespeare —
"abhorred slave
Which any print of gladness will not take." — *Tempest*, i. sc. 2.
- „ 59, l. 10, '*disfinchiall*' — to be noted; and so 65, l. 15, '*Emblemer*'; 77, l. 18, '*plenall*'; 148, l. 10, '*heroicifm*.'
- „ 121, l. 1, '*cliff*' = clef.
- „ 138, l. 7, '*Rotchets*' = rockets.

- Page 139, l. 4, '*waght-dift*' or wag-tail—query, is the first name found elsewhere? l. 12, '*churrs*'—imitative, allied to '*chirm*,' etc.
- „ 152, last line, '*flock*'=flock? You cannot say that "a Relict flocks"=to fly, still used in Cheshire.
- „ 161, l. 2, '*cun*.' In nautical language to '*cun*' is employed to express the action of the master or pilot, &c., in directing the helmsman.
- „ 162, l. 9, '*spoon*,' a nautical word for to drive under a heavy gale without any canvas. '*Cock-bell*,' now cock-bill, said of the anchor (as here) when suspended from the cat-head ready for letting go.
- „ 163, l. 8, '*loom*'—original sea term, as here. Skeat, "usually used of ships."
- „ 164, l. 9, '*spoon*'=spoom; l. 19, '*kedg*'=kind of anchor.

